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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

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THE RIGHT HON. LORD HAWKESBURY.

THE family of the Jenkinsons, since their first appearance on the political theatre, about forty years ago, have been equally distinguished for the continued favour of the Court, and for the sarcastic attacks of the popular party. To the Court they entirely owed their rise, and by the Court they have been supported and exalted. They have naturally attached themselves firmly and invariably to that power from which all their distinction flowed; the son has followed the footsteps of the father; and it is generally understood that Lord Hawkesbury is second in his Sovereign's favour, only to the Earl of Liverpool.

Robert Banks Jenkinson was born on the 7th of June, 1770, while his father was one of the Lords of the Admiralty. The sagacity of his father, procured for him a far superior education to what is usually the lot of young men with considerable prospects. At a very early age, he was placed at the academy of Parson's Green, near Fulham, where he remained till towards his thirteenth year. At that period he was removed to the Charter-house, to which his father, during his own early residence, had contracted such an attachment, that he thought no other seminary better calculated to secure to his son the benefits of classical instruction.

The next stage of his education was at Oxford; but we are informed that previously to his going thither, his father carefully planned out for him that course of political study which appeared best calculated to promote his future views in life. He put into his hands a catalogue of the most approved authors on various branches of political economy, earnestly recommending to him their attentive perusal: and this task was his chief occupation during his short residence at Oxford.

Soon after quitting the University, he set out to visit the Continent as a more promising scene of observation for a young statesman. He had the fortune to be at Paris during that memorable period when the French people at length burst their fetters, demolished the infamous Bastile, and reduced their ancient despotism to a limited monarchy, founded on the model of the British Constitution. As yet nothing atrocious had taken place; our countrymen, almost to a man, applauded the generous efforts of their enemies for the acquisitions of that freedom so highly valued by themselves; and all Europe looked eagerly on to observe the effects of this mighty change. Mr. Jenkinson, though then only in his nineteenth year, surveyed the scene with the eye of a politician.

He seized every opportunity to obtain an accurate knowledge of the views and characters of the principal leaders, both of the court and of the popular party. He endeavoured to estimate their comparative influence, and the probability of the new order of things obtaining a solid foundation.

With these observations he returned to London; and found the information so satisfactory to Mr. Pitt and the other ministers, that he had now reason to expect an early elevation to office. He was immediately elected for the borough of Rye, in Sussex; but as he had not yet passed his minority, he spent another year in a tour through the Continent; and at length took his seat in the House of Commons, in the year 1791.

He suffered only a few months to elapse before he displayed his oratorial and political acquisitions before that august assembly. On the 27th of February, 1792, a warm debate took place on the propriety of our armament to intimidate Russia. Among the warmest defenders of the measures of administration, appeared Mr. Jenkinson, who, on this occasion, delivered his maiden speech. It was much applauded as one of the most promising commencements of parliamentary eloquence, which had been heard: its arrangement, its logical precision, and its profound political views, were, by his own party, extolled in the most glowing terms.

In June, 1793, Mr. Jenkinson was appointed one of the commissioners for India affairs; and in the following year he received his Majesty's commission to command the fencible cavalry corps of the Cinque Ports, with the rank of colonel in the army. In 1796, his father was created Earl of Liverpool, and from that time Mr. Jenkinson has been known by the title of Lord Hawkesbury. Three years afterwards, several new honours flowed upon him. On the promotion of Sir George Yonge from the mastership of the Mint to the government of the Cape of Good Hope and its dependencies, Lord Hawkesbury was nominated to the vacant appointment, created a Member of the Privy Council, and one of the Lords of the Committee for Trade and Foreign Plantations.

It was not long after this transaction when Mr. Pitt and his principal colleagues in the administration resigned. Lord Hawkesbury, however, instead of suffering by this change, rose to higher honours. He was appointed Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and appeared in the new cabinet inferior only to Mr. Addington. It is said that the arrangement of the new Ministry was privately conducted by the Earl of Liverpool, and we cannot therefore be surprised at the son's elevation: but no one attributed Hawkesbury's appointment to any undue partiality, for he was certainly the best parliamentary orator of the new administration, and was accounted one of the best informed men in the political world with regard to public affairs. Mr. Pitt, who was at first loud in the support of Addington's administration, gave Hawkesbury's talents the most unqualified applause. He challenged the whole opposition to come forward, and point out one man among themselves who was equally qualified to manage the foreign affairs of the nation, Mr. Fox alone excepted.

The new ministry were universally considered as having received their places, under the idea that they were less obnoxious than their predecessors to the French Government, and consequently as more likely to procure a speedy and advantageous peace, for which the nation was now become clamorous. Nor did they disappoint the public expectations. They embraced the earliest opportunity of commencing pacific negociations with the enemy: their tone was neither abject or insolent, but firm and moderate; and conferences having been opened at Amiens, they concluded a treaty equally desirable to both nations, and as favourable to Great Britain as any wise man could look for in the situation of affairs at that period. This transaction produced very different comments from the different political parties. Mr. Pitt, apparently sensible of his former errors, and convinced by sad experience that the original objects of the war were wholly unattainable, frankly gave his full approbation to the treaty, as adequate to every reasonable expectation. The old opposition likewise concurred in approving it; not, however, because they accounted it either advantageous or honourable, but because they accounted peace on any terms more beneficial to the nation than a continuance of hostilities; and because they looked upon the country as so reduced and exhausted by the disasters of the war, that none but such degrading terms could now be obtained. Lord Grenville and his friends, who now began to separate themselves from Mr. Pitt, expressed very different sentiments. They contended that the peace was the most disgraceful and ruinous that ever stained the annals of the country; that it was as unnecessary as it was ignominious, for the country was in no respect enfeebled unless by having its affairs entrusted to such pusillanimous and incapable hands; and

that eternal war ought to have been preferred to a peace obtained on such degrading conditions.

The partisans of Grenville likewise discovered some deficiencies in the definitive treaty; that former treaties had not been formally renewed; that certain rights claimed by Great Britain had not been distinctly stipulated for; and that the conditions of the preliminary treaty had not been completely exacted. Lord Hawkesbury successfully refuted these objections. He shewed the absurdity which would have attended the renewal of treaties framed previous to the late war, since all of them referred to a state of Europe which was entirely changed, to a balance of power now wholly annihilated: as to the treaty of Luneville, by sanctioning it we should have become parties to the dismemberment of Germany; and the renewal of the commercial treaties, besides being unnecessary to the interests of commerce, would have led to discussions concerning neutral rights which must have involved us in numerous difficulties.

In these circumstances, his Lordship concluded, that the conditions of the peace were to be considered as a triumphant termination of the contest; and he added, that he should desire no greater honour than to have it inscribed upon his monument, that he was the author of the Treaty of Amiens.

The force of reasoning displayed by Lord Hawkesbury during all these discussions relative to the peace, and the clearness and precision of his statements, greatly raised his reputation as an orator; and the wiser part of the nation hailed as a happy omen, that tone of moderation to which they had so long been unaccustomed in the mouth of a minister. The election of a new parliament, which immediately succeeded the conclusion of peace, gave the public a still more favourable impression of the new administration. With a forbearance perhaps unequalled since parliamentary influence became a matter of importance, they had the honesty and magnanimity to refrain from any undue interference with the elections; and the voices of the people, as far as depended upon government, were left in perfect freedom. The income tax, that most unequal and oppressive of all modes of taxation, was also quickly repealed amidst the acclamations of all ranks of the community.

While ministers were proceeding with calmness and prudence to render the attempts of our enemies impracticable, their conduct presented nothing but folly and imbecility to the eyes of the new opposition, who began again to long for those places of trust and power which they had lately occupied. They branded Mr. Addington and all his friends as wretched drivellers, utterly incapable of either directing or estimating our national affairs: they attacked them with every engine of invective, sarcasm and ridicule; and endeavoured to fix upon them the epithet of *the Incapables*. The old opposition, though they entirely disapproved of the renewal of hostilities, which had been so eagerly urged on by the new opposition, readily united with them in an attack on the men in power, the common enemies of all expectants. Even Mr. Pitt, unable any longer to endure the obscurity of a private station, made no scruple to forfeit the solemn pledge which he had given to support his successors; and scrupled not to brand as feeble and incapable the very men whom he had, two years before, extolled as superlatively qualified to govern the empire. The coalition of all these formidable antagonists quickly became irresistible. As Mr. Addington had not secured a packed House of Commons, his numbers rapidly fell away; and it was only by a ready resignation that he escaped the mortification of being outvoted.

In the furious contests which took place among the Commons on this occasion, Hawkesbury had no part, having been called up, by the title of Baron, to the House of Peers, to oppose, in that assembly, the violent declamations of Lord Grenville and his numerous partisans. He had not, however, escaped without an ample share of the censure of opposition. The management of foreign affairs was particularly arraigned; and the same minister who had been just held forth by Mr. Pitt, as, with the exception of Mr. Fox, the best qualified in the empire for that department, was now reproached as destitute of every requisite for the office. Mr. Canning, who, at his outset in life, had been zealously patronised by Lord Hawkesbury, and introduced by him, with many expressions of friendship, to the Earl of Liverpool, was particularly loud in the outcry against the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Hawkesbury repelled the charges fulminated against him, with becoming spirit: but with the characteristic prudence of his family, he did not drive matters to extremity, or renounce all thoughts of association with his present antagonists. Indeed the great interest of his father at court, rendered him secure against any efforts to displace him from power: but the credit of Mr. Pitt's new ministry required that

Hawkesbury should not continue to occupy the same department, for which they had just declared him so incapable. He was, therefore, removed from the foreign to the home department; and in this office became a part of the new ministry.

When the united parties of Fox and Grenville, on the death of Mr. Pitt, forced their way into power, his Lordship resigned; but carried with him an indubitable and substantial proof of his Sovereign's regard, in the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, a lucrative sinecure which formed the principal part of Mr. Pitt's revenues.

When the late change of Ministry took place, Lord Hawkesbury was again reinstated in the home department; but the events since that period are too recent *here* to require biographical animadversion.

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

(Continued from page 55.)

WE have thus seen a new era commence both in the moral and civil polity of the western hemisphere of the *then* known world; we have seen the way prepared for an enterprizing and intelligent Prince, to pursue his designs, and to arrive at almost universal empire; and we have now to sketch the historic facts which not only secured to Charlemagne the Crown of France, but also placed him on the Throne of Germany. Rude and unpolished as Europe at that time was, yet this great Prince had all the *virtues* of barbarism, and appears in but few instances to have been affected by its *vices*, if we except that inordinate ambition which strongly marked the character of feudal times, and which, in the absence of the *stimuli* of more polished ages, may, perhaps, have often been useful in exciting even to virtue, and which undoubtedly *was* beneficial in promoting the general welfare.

Charlemagne, at the commencement of his reign, divorced his wife, the daughter of Desiderius, the King of the Lombards; at this the Lombard King was so incensed, that he gladly extended his protection to his other daughter, the widow of Carloman, and her two sons, hoping through their means, not only to raise disturbances in France, by setting up a competition for the Crown, but also by engaging the attention of Charlemagne, to prevent him from interfering, as his father had done, in the affairs of Italy. In furtherance of his design, he endeavoured to prevail on the Pope Adrian the First, to crown the two orphans of Carloman, but the wary Pontiff feeling that he held his temporal power solely from the gift of Pepin, was unwilling to displease his son, a warlike and powerful Prince. Disappointed in his hopes, the Lombard immediately marched with an army into the Papal territory, threatening the destruction of Rome itself; but Adrian adhering to the policy of his predecessors sent ambassadors to Charlemagne, not only entreating his aid in the present difficulty, but also stimulating him to the conquest of Italy, in which he promised him his *holy* assistance. Pleased with the proposition, Charlemagne immediately assembled an army, and marched towards the Alps, where Desiderius had already sent some chosen troops to guard the passes; here, however, the Lombard was foiled, for the French, aware of their plan, were enabled by the assistance of the Mountaineers to pass by a different route, and having unexpectedly attacked the troops of Desiderius, completely destroyed them. Charlemagne now triumphantly marched into Italy, and found that Desiderius conscious of his inability to cope with him, had retired into Pavia, his capital; here, therefore, he assembled his large army, and commenced the siege; the Lombards made a brave defence, but were at last obliged to submit, and Charlemagne having possessed himself of Desiderius and his family, sent them to France, where they perished in obscurity. The Dukedoms of Naples and Calabria, being under the dominion of the Emperors of the East, the conqueror did not interfere with them, but having taken possession of all the rest of Italy, he confirmed his friend Adrian in the temporalities of the Church; and to add solemnity to his seizure of the Lombard throne, caused himself to be proclaimed King of Italy, and was also crowned with the *Iron Crown*, which was preserved for many succeeding ages in the city

of Monza, until it was seized by the modern usurper, who seems anxious to tread in the steps of Charlemagne, without, however, having any of those claims from blood, which Charlemagne undoubtedly possessed, and which in those early times were considered as justificatory of *his* usurpations. To secure the independent nobility, the new King confirmed the Dukes of Spoleto, Friuli, &c. in their power, and made the dignity hereditary in the families, only reserving to himself the ceremony of investiture, and obliging them to take the oaths of fealty. He also established the orders of counts, marquisses, &c. and appointed general assemblies of the states, in which, however, he himself presided. Having thus arranged his transalpine affairs, Charlemagne found it necessary to carry his arms into the North, the Saxons having revolted during his absence; at this time Saxony, which comprehended great part of the *then* Germany, was governed by Wittekind the Great (descended in a right line from WODEN, who had been deified) who rather yielded a nominal than a real obedience to the Kings of France. The Conqueror flushed with his success, commenced his operations against Wittekind, but it was not until after many hard fought battles, that he was enabled to conquer the Saxons entirely; he then pushed his arms as far as the Danube, and in a short time caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor of Germany and the West. To procure the sanction of the Church, and also to secure his conquests, he asserted that the desire of propagating the Christian religion was his sole motive for this extended warfare; indeed, it is certain, that he used every means of persuasion and force to convert the Saxons, well knowing that the mild doctrines of Christianity would soon produce a species of civilization among these barbarians, and by changing their manners, would open the way for order, harmony, and peace. At this period, the Saracens having conquered the greatest part of Spain, had divided it into a number of small principalities, independent of each other, but all subject to the paramount King Abderahman, who kept his Court in all the pomp of Eastern magnificence at Cordova. The small remains of the Christians had retired into the mountains of Asturias, from whence, under their patriot king, they made frequent incursions upon the Moors: latterly, however, they had felt it necessary to conclude a peace, with the invaders, and the natural consequence of this cessation of hostilities was, that the Mourish Chiefs impatient of the lassitude and inactivity of peaceable times, commenced a petty warfare amongst themselves, and two of them, the farthest removed from the seat of government, the Chiefs of Arragon and Saragossa, not only revolted openly, but put themselves under the protection of the new Emperor, promising him fealty as their feudal sovereign. Glad of the pretext, Charlemagne crossed the Pyrenees, captured Saragossa and Pampeluna, and having carried his victorious arms as far as the Ebro, reinstated the two Chiefs in their Governments, and set out on his return for France. The south western parts of the modern France, were at that time independent states, under the names of Gascony and Aquitaine, and the Chiefs displeased at the passage of a large army through their country, yet unable to prevent it, stifled their indignation until the return of Charlemagne, when the Duke of Gascony attacked the rear guard, at Ronceval; Roland, nephew to the Emperor, here shewed extraordinary valour, but fell in the action, and was immortalized in the *Romances* of that time, and in the songs of the Troubadours. In this career of glory, Charlemagne displayed much moderation; to the Franks he still left the greatest part of their privileges, and protected the commonalty against the usurpations of the nobles; though, indeed, the warlike feudality of the age operated much against any rapid improvement. With a penetrating eye, however, he saw the advantages attendant on peace and commerce, and, therefore, encouraged whatever could tend to this happy end; he repaired and formed public roads across his dominions, built numerous bridges, and made many rivers navigable; he also formed the grand design of uniting the Black Sea and German Ocean, by a canal from the Danube to the Rhine; this sublime conception failed, however, not so much from the want of inclination or of industry in its performance, but from the infant state of the arts, which were unable to overcome the difficulties of such an arduous undertaking. Notwithstanding the turbulence of the times, Charles was a friend to literature, and was much engaged in the religious controversies which then divided the Eastern and Western Churches; he objected to the decisions of the Council of Nice, respecting the worship of images, but was at last reconciled to the interpretation of the *Holy Pontiff*, by the deep policy of Leo III. who then bore the keys of St. Peter. Leo, on his succeeding to Adrian 1st. sent a solemn embassy to Charlemagne, carrying to him the standard of Rome, and requesting him

to accept the oaths of fidelity from the inhabitants of that city, thus confirming their temporal subjection to the crown of France. For this Leo was afterwards obliged to fly from Rome, to escape assassination; he escaped under the protection of the Duke of Spoleto, and was received with the greatest pomp by the Emperor, who sent him back with a large army, and soon after followed in person. On his arrival at the seat of ancient empire, he continued for some days to hold private conferences with his Holiness, and having convoked an assembly of the Bishops and Roman Noblesse, desired them to investigate the charges against the Pontiff. The Clergy endeavoured to evade this by saying, that the Holy See could not be judged by man; the Pope, however, chose to acknowledge the authority so far as to answer to the accusation, and as no proofs were brought against him, he went through the ceremony of vindicating himself by oath.

On the following Christmas-day, Charlemagne went to St. Peters to attend the celebration of the high mass; in the midst of the service, the Pope advanced to him whilst kneeling at the altar, and according to the preconcerted plan placed a crown upon his head; the nobility and all who were assembled, immediately exclaimed "Long life and "perpetual victory to Charles Augustus, "crowned by the hand of God. Long live the "great and pious Emperor of the Romans." The Pontiff immediately conducted him to a throne already prepared, and performed homage to him in the same manner as his predecessors had done, to the former Roman Emperors; he then invested him with the Imperial mantle, and the Emperor thus confirmed by the approbation of the Church, now considered himself as legally justified in the assumption of the Imperial title. His title was universally acknowledged by the different States of Europe, and even by Irene, Empress of the East, who proposed marriage, in order to secure her possessions in Italy, but Charles was too much attached to his second wife, Hildegardis, daughter of the Duke of Swabia, to consent to the proposal. An incident now took place, which may be considered as the first germ of *modern* learning and knowledge, inasmuch as it opened the way for the Introduction of science from the East, and particularly for the rudiments of arithmetic and algebra, the former of which, though apparently simple, is yet the ground work of all the real science of the present day. The splendour of Charlemagne's military career, extended even to the regions of the East, and became the theme of conversation at the Court of Haroun Alraschid, Caliph of Persia, the patron of learning among the Arabians; a correspondence commenced, ending in a mutual friendship, and the Caliph having sent a solemn embassy of congratulation on the coronation at Rome, was anxious to give a further proof of his esteem, and accordingly ceded to Charlemagne the city of Jerusalem, which, from the growing superstition of the times, was become an object of local devotion, and to which many pilgrimages were now made by devotees of both sexes. He also sent to Paris several of his most skilful philosophers, who gave to Western Europe a taste both for the liberal and mechanical arts, and stimulated them to imitation, by exhibiting specimens of the Arabian skill; among other things was a striking clock, the first of the kind ever seen by the literati of Europe. Thus from things apparently so insignificant and trifling in themselves, arose the vast structure of European knowledge in literature and the arts, in both of which the *scholars* now infinitely surpass their *masters*.

According to the custom of the times, Charlemagne, in his will, divided his empire among his three sons, Charles, Pepin, and Lewis; Charles and Pepin both died before their father, but Bernard, the son of Pepin was confirmed in the kingdom of Italy, the remainder being left for Lewis. After making these regulations, Charles, well advanced in years, looked forward for a portion of repose in his latter days; here, however, he was disappointed, for the Normans, or people of Denmark and Scandinavia, had now begun by their predatory excursions to lay waste the coasts of Maritime Europe, and at this very period had made an irruption into Friezland, under the command of Godfrey their King. Charles immediately assembled a numerous army on the banks of the Rhine, and an important and decisive engagement was on the eve of taking place, when the assassination of the Norman chief by one of his own followers, changed the plans of these marauders, and they embarked for their own country without giving further molestation to the subjects of the Emperor. On the death of his eldest son, Charles determined to associate his son Lewis with him in the empire, (Pepin having already received the investiture of the kingdom of Italy) and the ceremony took place at Rheims, in a manner the most solemn and impressive. The ceremony of his own corona-

tion at Rome, induced this politic and accurately judging Prince to foresee that the sovereign Pontiff, as head of the Church, might attempt to establish future claims of pre-eminence, he therefore himself placed the Imperial crown upon the altar, and ordered the Prince to take it from thence and set it upon his own head, thus shewing to the world that he had it from God alone. After a long and successful reign of forty-seven years, Charles, in his seventy-first year resigned his breath at Aix la Chapelle, A. D. 814, and was succeeded by his son *Lewis the First*. The Court of Charlemagne had been the resort of all the European Princes who wished to acquire a knowledge of literature or politics; among others who enjoyed the favour of the Emperor in a high degree, was the renowned Alfred, the founder of *our* jurisprudence and of *our* liberties.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. X.

DRAMATIC APPELLANT.

THERE is no office of social life, so useful as *The Arbitrator*, yet there is none in which a man of strict impartiality, is less likely to gain popularity: to investigate the merits and demerits of the parties *without favour or affection*, to judge of actions fairly by their motives, to appreciate them by their probable consequences, and to point out error without forfeiting friendship, has fallen to the lot of few; yet as the office is friendly, and often beneficial, the philanthropist will not shrink from his *social duty*, but will be content to be *useful*, even where conscious that he cannot *please*. In this arduous undertaking it is satisfactory to have the aid of powerful auxiliaries, and in the work before us we are peculiarly fortunate, for here the whole British public are called upon to be *Arbitrators* between the Dramatic *Authors* and the Dramatic *Managers* of the day. Though enthusiasts in all ages have railed against the stage, yet there is no other amusement which has excited such general interest in the most polished eras, and even amongst nations just emerging from barbarism; Cicero himself speaks highly of the drama, and calls it "the picture of life, the mirror of "manners;" and indeed in the early ages of Greece and Rome, we cannot help viewing the stage as a school of morality, in which, the vicissitudes of life and the developement of the passions, are delineated by a series of interesting incidents, and tend strongly to elicit, and to cherish the social virtues; to explode the absurdities of false heroism, to check the more boisterous feelings, and tumultuous passions by exhibiting their immoral tendency; and if not able to eradicate vice and folly, yet to shame them from the haunts of men, and the glare of open day, by lashing the one, and holding the other up to well merited ridicule. In Greece, that nursery of the arts, and the *hot-bed* of philosophy, the *dramatic* muses were peculiarly cherished; all ranks were enthusiastic in their attendance on the theatre, which indeed was supported out of the public funds; and held so sacred, that when Athens was threatened with an attack by Philip of Macedon, yet the state though absolutely in want of money for the public service, decreed that *they* should remain untouched. The rage of *writing* for the stage also, became so universal, that it was found necessary by a solemn law to prohibit the members of the Areopagus or Supreme Court of Justice from employing their pens in that pursuit, lest they should be accused of dedicating more time to it than to the duties of their office; it does not appear at the present day, that the long robe requires such a law, though it might be a subject of justifiable disquisition, to examine how far the office of *managerial criticism* was compatible with the duties of *tribunitial* magistracy. We do not mean to insinuate however that the magistracy, in their *official* capacity, should be denied all interference with the stage; it must always in a certain degree be necessary for the sake of public decorum; and the Romans themselves even in their gala days of liberty, placed the entire regulation and management of their theatres, under a civil magistrate the *Curule Edile*, whose duty was to provide for the entertainment of the public. Terence in one of his prologues

not only asserts the fact, but also points out his particular duty,

" —— *Ediles emerunt,*
" *Perfecit, sibi ut inspiciundi esset copia;*"

and in *those* days of public virtue the benefit resulting from it was evident; no petty jealousies, no private interests, no rivalships of *favourite* actresses, could deprive the public of the efforts of genius; nor could the obstinacy of ignorance, or the circumscribed prejudices of party close the doors of fame and fortune against the exertions of modest merit; for *this manager* had no interest, save that of the public, no private motive, save a regard to his own fame. In more modern times, however the theatre has been always considered as *private* property, and the object of the laws have been in general rather to restrain its exuberances, than to promote its extension; this state of the histrionic art is a sufficient reason for the defects in the theatric world; it is not here as in other concerns that the clash of private interest prompts to competition and promotes the public good, but we may in general observe that as the theatre has been sometimes in the grasp of weak and contracted minds, or at other times conducted by men of liberal feelings, and expanded genius, so may the accurate critic in these several periods discover the superiority of dramatic genius, or its depression into inanity in the efforts both of the *pen* and the *buskin*. In thus calling the attention of the public to the first lines of the subject, it is not necessary to notice the English stage previous to the time of our *immortal poet*, when the art of a performer was the lowest of *all trades*, and when the dramatic author himself was but little higher in public estimation; Shakspeare however with a power equal to the other efforts of his all-creative fancy, gave brilliancy to the *mystery* of play-writing, and elevated the character of an author; he himself, with Johnson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, forming a dramatic constellation in the literary hemisphere of that age. At that time the theatre was little larger than a cockpit, and was held at the different inns in London; the prices even *then* were comparatively low, as twopence admitted a spectator into the gallery; nothing therefore but a real superiority of genius could in such circumstances have laid a solid foundation for the British drama. In this slight retrospect we cannot help adverting to the time of the usurpation, when hypocrisy and enthusiasm went hand in hand; and when those visionary reformers who by their ambition and their party spirit, overturned both church and state, staining their hands in the blood of their king, began a violent outcry against the stage, and at last totally suppressed it. In times of anarchy it is natural for the ambitious and the designing to conceal their views under the mask of religion, reformation, or patriotism, as may best suit the prevalent temper of the people; and it is as natural for rogues at all times to have a dislike to the salutary chastisement of the stage, as its artillery may be often happily levelled at those vices and foibles both in public and private life, which neither the *bench* nor the *pulpit* can venture to attack with any probable chance of success. This consideration makes it the more necessary for dramatic authors to write well, because they ought to consider themselves not only as the arbiters of taste, but as the champions of virtue and good morals, from which also *good manners* naturally arise; whilst a deviation from this rule of guidance is prostituting their muse, overwhelming us with frivolity, and making the stage a bane, instead of a blessing. If such is the duty of the play writer, the conduct of the manager in selecting or rejecting dramatic pieces must be tried by the same rule; both are alike *the servants of the public*, both must submit to this paramount jurisdiction, and both must perform their duties with the fear of the correcting rod of public censure, or the hope of the more pleasing meed of public approval, before their eyes: and it is also proper that *one* class of the public servants should not be entirely under the controul of the *other*, who either from whim, prejudice, or interest may be disposed to issue their *imperious* decrees, and to exclude humour or genius from the fostering care of a generous, and in general a discerning public, merely because *they are the managers!* Such seem to be the principles operating on the projectors of *The Dramatic Appellant*, and even should they be deficient in the mode of conducting this appeal to the public, yet every impartial member of society must wish them success; still it behoves them in prosecuting their appeal, to be careful in the *evidence* they bring forward, otherwise in attempting to prove too much, the public may rather be disposed to give a verdict in favour of the managers, than to blame them for rejection.

Doubtless a *good* manager is a *good thing*, yet as times go, we cannot expect it above once in a century; was he indeed in all respects a *phœnix*, we might expect a new one to rise from the ashes of the old, whilst one spark remained upon the altar, to be kindled into life,

by the vivifying breath of public favour; but as the *simile* is unlikely to be verified, we must trust to time and chance, instead of gaping for a miracle, and at the same time will do our duty in pointing out what a manager ought to be. We will not indeed pretend to enumerate all his perfections, yet we may premise that he ought to possess a clear judgment, in order that he may distinguish between the tinsel and the real gold; that he ought to know how to combine propriety and elegance in his decorations and other arrangements; that he ought not only to possess taste sufficient to distinguish, but spirit also to encourage merit, in whatever walk he may discover it; that in arranging his casts of characters, he should be guided solely by the capability of the performer, nor allow himself either to be the slave of the caprices of the actors and *actresses* of the higher ranks, or to yield to the absurd expectations of those who step impudently forward to claim a cast for which nature in her niggard moods never designed them; but above all, he should be careful not to let *writing for the stage* become a monopoly in the hands of a few, nor by a complete *bouleversement* of all order, allow his *actors* to become *authors*, by *altering*, as it is called, some insipid piece from the French or German, thus completely putting an extinguisher on the taper of *British genius*, which it is his duty to foster, as the servant of a generous British public. Doubtless the situation in which the managers are placed with authors is often puzzling, and often ludicrous enough; authors are in general sufficiently convinced of their own merit, whilst the opinion and the reality of this merit are often in an inverse ratio; the man who has but little, claiming much, and the man who has none, oftener assuming to himself a claim to *all*. Authors too are not very ready at understanding hints, at least at *taking* denials, particularly when their manuscript is the check-book, which, from their funds in the Muse's Bank, is to transfer their account to a banker's in Lombard-street, and when their *draughts* at Helicon's pure stream, are perhaps the only *drafts* to which they have lately been accustomed. It has often been asserted that managers reject plays as unfit for the stage, without even looking into them; this may be true, and even for this there may be some excuse, for what penance can be greater than reading a performance which is in all respects *badly written*, unless indeed it should be to hear the author himself recite it?—The complaints of partiality in managers in accepting *modern* productions, and in the selection of *established* pieces, are not confined to the present day, for about thirty years ago we find a witty author of that time asserting that a dispute arose amongst four managers about the exhibition of a play, then a great favourite with the public, merely because the dull and insipid mistress of one of the parties was not allowed to perform a character in it, for which she was totally unqualified. But to return to the question at present before us; we may observe that genius is not always accompanied by fortune, nor even by prudence; when, therefore, he knocks at a manager's door in a thread-bare coat, it is not to be supposed that he will extend his hospitality to him, like Anacreon's Virgin, who in the dead of the night opened her window to admit the dangerous urchin, but received a wound in the midst of her friendly offices. No, he will reserve all *his* patronage for those who are patronized by the great, whilst the great too often bestow theirs on those who choose to *ask for it*, thus leaving modest merit to find his way through the world by himself. It may by some be considered of less importance that modern productions should be encouraged, because that *modern* productions are only copies from the old; this may in many cases be correct, but if we are regulated in our opinions by this consideration, we should go a long way back to find originality, for even in Dryden's time, it was a subject of complaint that all authors were plagiarists, and that great poet compares the writings of the earlier ages to *snow*, in which the footsteps of later passengers may easily be traced.

'Tis not for *us* here to decide the question, it is now with all its merits before the public, and that public is now called on by the *Dramatic Appellant*, to *arbitrate* between the rejected authors and the theatrical managers; in some future number, however, we shall examine the evidence on the part of the *plaintiffs*, and give our award, as it becomes impartial and unbiassed *Arbitrators*.

F. L.

THEODORE D'ABLANCOURT.

(Continued from page 67.)

HIS eyes, when they once more opened to the light, met Clementine's glance of pity, and a faint smile lightened his countenance. He was well acquainted with her features, and her piety, and she had often listened to the gentle but persuasive exhortations which he was wont to deliver from the pulpit, and which sank deep into every rustic heart. Though fired with the purest zeal for religion, and armed with thunders against deep-rooted vice or unrepenting guilt, his eloquence fell mild as the showers of spring on the souls of his simple, though not faultless hearers. He won, not terrified them into virtue. In a few moments he regained strength enough to stand without the assistance of his deliverers, who had succeeded in freeing him from the weight of his chains. But as the want of sustenance was apparent in the pallid hue of his cheeks, Theodore, whose boat was well supplied with provisions, ran to the shore, whilst the aged *Pasteur* and Clementine sat on the grass at the top of the hill, from whence they could descry, on the one side, the smoking ruins of the village and the church, and on the other follow with their eyes the rapid course of their youthful friend. At his return, after a short repast, which invigorated their frame, and cheered their spirits, Theodore requested the priest to give them an account of the fatal event, the consequences of which they were now witnessing. The venerable man rendering thanks to heaven for his preservation, whilst tears dimmed the enthusiastic lustre of his eye, began in the following words:—

"The will of the Almighty be done; glory "to him whose views are unsearchably wise. "Shall man repine and blaspheme? The hand "that has created worlds may annihilate its "own creations, and who shall complain? "The tranquillity which we long enjoyed in "this island had probably led us to forget its "source. Our actions were fair, our looks "modest and religious, but our thoughts ma"terial and interested, and our hearts corrupt. "The glance of him, from whom nothing is "hidden, penetrated under the blooming core "of the fruit, and perceived that the worm "had feasted on its inside. His wisdom de"termined it should be cast away. Yester"day the sabbath bells had scarcely gathered "the congregation together, and the tapers "been lighted on the altar of the Lord, when "three men, their heads covered with red caps, "approached, and with impious oaths over"turned the silver candlesticks, and tore the "*etole* from my shoulders. Incensed at this "insult offered their God and his Minister, the "people rose and secured two of these mad"men, the third effected his escape, leaped "into the only boat that bore a sail, and se"conded by the wind ascended the river to"wards Nantes. I recalled the pursuers to "their religious duties, and the celebration of "our ceremonies was resumed. The evening "was spent in peace, and enlivened with the "harmless amusements and dances which one "of the fathers of our church, the great and "pious Fenelon, not only allowed, but recom"mended to the laborious inhabitants of the "country. Our captives were confined in a "cottage, whence they could enjoy the pros"pect of the cheering scene. I remonstrated "with them on the impiety of their conduct, "and offered them their liberty, provided they "would respect the altars of their Maker.— "They told me they were come to conquer "freedom, and needed neither my assistance "nor that of my God. As I saw that my pre"sence and my words provoked them to utter "blasphemies, I withdrew, and early rest in"volved and refreshed the whole population of "the village. Before morning dawned, a host "of fanatics, who call themselves patriots, "headed by the wretch who had fled, landed "silently on our shores, and surrounded the "village, setting fire to our harvests, our vine"yards, and our woods. On a sudden the "clang of trumpets, and the shouts of ven"geance, burst our sleep. We started up, "and saw ourselves environed with flames, "whilst men with torches and spears in their "hands, rushed forward to fire our cottages "and murder their defenceless inhabitants.— "Children clung to their mothers breasts, but "in vain, their young limbs were hewed to "pieces to make room for the patriots' encir"cling arms. Wives and daughters pressed "around their husbands and fathers, who, wild "with despair, grasped their spades or scythes, "and delayed awhile the triumph of the foe. "I advanced in the midst of the scene of death, "and holding the emblem of our crucified Sa-

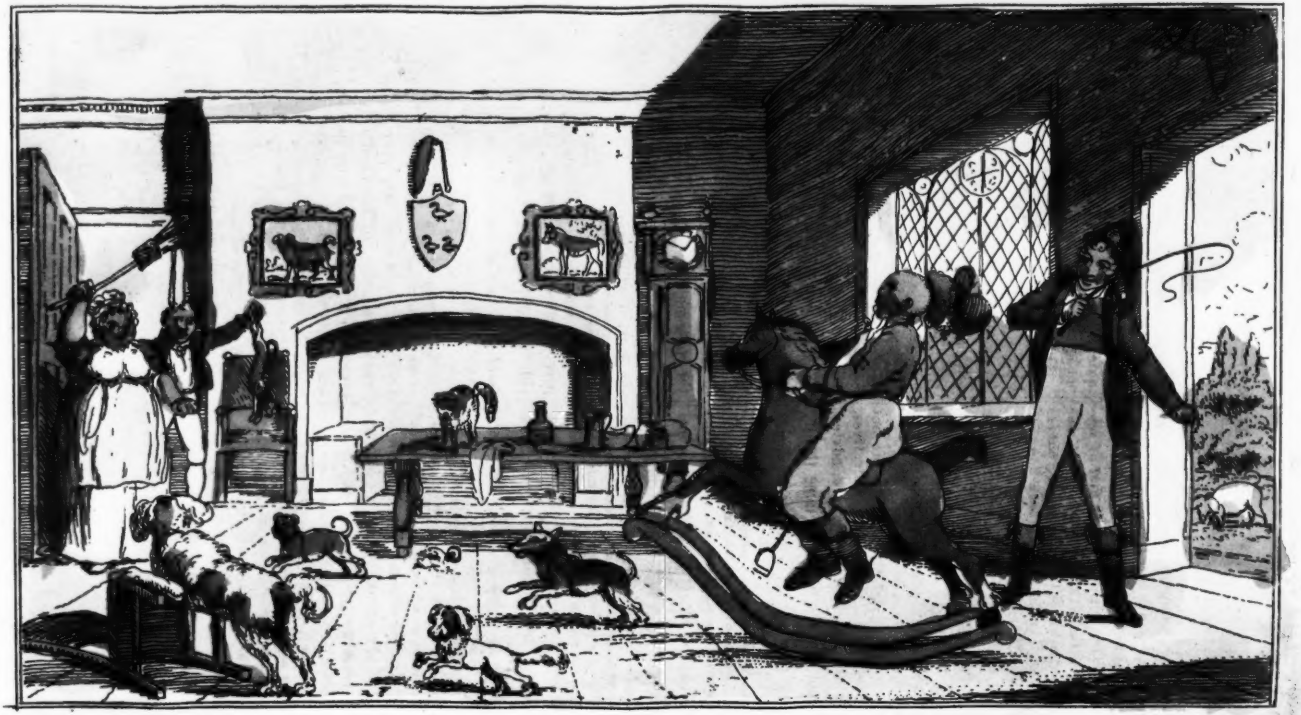
"viour, bade the murderers fly from the wrath "of God. But my appearance encreased their "rage: 'A priest! a priest!' they exclaimed, "'seize him, it is he who ordered our bro-"'thers to be imprisoned. Let him die in the "'midst of slow torments; drag him to his "'church, and let us burn him alive in it.'— "The crucifix was wrenched from my hands, "and trodden under foot; the bodies of my "parishioners, who sprang to defend me, fell "covered with wounds around me; their dy-"ing groans swelled upon my ear, whilst the "shrieks of outraged beauty and modesty filled "the air, mixed with the crackling of the "kindling thatch, and the shouts of the pa-"triots. I was forced away, and chained as "you found me in one of the chapels belonging "to the choir, to the marble image of my "Redeemer. They left me alone to conti-"nue their feast of plunder and devastation, "but the howls of their victims still resounded "around me, till at length they subsided by "degrees, and a momentary pause of awful si-"lence ensued. I almost fancied the wretches "had forgotten to put their purpose into exe-"cution; or that the majesty of God had re-"vealed itself to terrify them into forbearance, "when the bursting of the large church doors "told me my surmises were wrong. I heard "them pillaging the altars of our Saints, and "the Saints of their ornaments, and when they "retired, a faint smell of fire informed me that "the hour of my dissolution was near at hand "My soul flew in prayer to the throne of her "Maker, and a beam of celestial comfort shed "courage and resignation in my heart. On a "sudden the bells thundered a loud and irre-"gular peal, and a dreadful crash was heard; "I conjectured that the wooden pillars that "mostly supported the steeple, being con-"sumed, that part of the edifice had fallen to "the ground, and I almost, but too impiously, "wished that it had crushed the roof of the "chapel in which I was confined, and short-"ened the pangs of death. I listened in anxi-"ous expectation, and the roar of the devour-"ing flames approached nearer, their red "glare shone now and then through the distant "pillars, and from the melting tubes of the or-"gans, melancholy sounds seemed to proceed. "Half an hour had at least elapsed since the "steeple lay prostrate, and volumes of smoke "began to roll around me, when your hand, "young man, or rather the forgiving benevo-"lence of the Almighty, who led your steps, "snatched me from destruction in the very mo-"ment when the power of breathing was sus-"pended. To the God of mercy let us, there-"fore, return our thanks, who wounds in jus-"tice, and in paternal affection heals our "woes."

He said, and kneeling on the turf, whilst Theodore and Clementine followed his example, uttered a short but expressive prayer and thanksgiving. The evening shadows now wrapped the surrounding landscape; the sky was unclouded and strewed with stars, whose faint radiance scarce whitened the light azure veil of the firmament, and Theodore urged the necessity of returning to his castle. The aged priest refused to attend him, and to his pressing solicitations mildly, but firmly, replied, "that "the divine Providence had saved him for some "hidden, but probably useful, purpose. That "some of the villagers might have concealed "themselves from the fury of their foes, and "would naturally return when the storm was "over, to seek the ruins of their habitations, "and the mangled bodies of their relations and "friends: that it was his duty, as the servant "of God, to soothe the sorrows of man; to "hush the voice of complaint with words of "heavenly consolation, lest it should turn into "the accents of despondency or blasphemous "despair. That he could run no danger in be-"ing left alone in the island, the ravaged fields "and pillaged cottages of which would no lon-"ger invite the rapacious patriots, and that "unless he proved false to his Maker, and the "solemn charge entrusted to his care, he must "disregard the advice of his mortal friends and "deliverers, to fulfil the will of his everlast-"ing benefactor." The tone in which he pronounced these words, bespoke a settled and courageous resolution, which Theodore ceased to combat, but kneeling with Clementine, to receive his blessing, they kissed his hand, promised to return early the next morning with a supply of provisions, landed all those that remained, and, spreading their sail, departed, attended with the prayers of the grateful priest.

The darkness of the evening increased, and a few clouds rising from the bosom of the sea, portended a gathering storm. Theodore grasped the oar to increase the rapidity of his course, but the obscurity thickened so rapidly, that every object soon disappeared lost in night, and chance became his only guide. After contending for two hours with the force of the ebbing tide, he thought he must have reached his lands, and was steering towards the shore, when a confused uproar of mingled voices alarmed his ear. At the same instant a faint redness appeared in the distant sky, which, by de-

grees, growing stronger and brighter, at length assumed the shape of a column of fire. The glare of light which it threw over the surrounding scenery, enabled him to perceive that his bark stood opposite his native woods, and from the direction of the flames, he judged they issued from his castle, and that the voices he had heard were those of his servants intent upon quenching their fury. He hastened to land with Clementine, who trembled for her father's life, and proceeded through the woods towards the scene of confusion. As he approached, the tumult increased, and he began to fear, lest the Patriots had, during his absence, pillaged his goods, and set fire to the mansion of his fathers. He did not impart these surmises to his anxious companion, but led her on more cautiously through the most sequestrated paths of the wood, in order to reach an eminence, from whence they could descry, without being seen, what passed within the walls of the castle. After winding through a long and intricate maze of trees, they at length arrived at the wished for spot, and beheld a crowd of ruffians busily employed in carrying from the burning edifice, the furniture, pictures, and riches, which it contained, whilst tied with his hands behind their back, Peter, and the rest of his fellow domestics, stood at a short distance, guarded by four patriots, who brandished in the air their spears, crowned with the red cap of liberty. Clementine's agonizing glances sought for her father among the captives, but he was not there, and Theodore remarked with a feigned smile of satisfaction, that he and the stranger Ferrand had probably escaped. The flames had not yet attacked the part of the building in which the library was placed, and Theodore hoped the plunderers would retire before his valuable literary stores were consumed, when he saw the windows burst open, and the ruffians, disappointed in their expectation of finding new treasures, flinging all the books which his father and he had gathered together, into the raging fire, to swell the blaze. Conscious that his presence would neither awe them into forbearance, nor check the destruction of his possessions, all his thoughts were now bent on securing his beloved Clementine from the grasp of the spoilers; and for this purpose he resolved to regain the boat, and unmindful of the storm that now raged in the sky, to return to the island, whither it was probable her father, if he had escaped, would have sought a refuge. He supported the steps of his courageous companion, whose soul seemed to rise with the perils that threatened her, and they cautiously trod back the paths which they had lately explored. They were near the spot where the boat lay, tied to a tree, when the light of torches gleamed through the bushes with which they were then surrounded, and the voice of strangers struck their ears. They hastened forward, in order to embark before they were discovered, and reached the boat, but found that the tide had left it on dry ground at a considerable distance from the water. Theodore exerted all his strength to remove it, and set it afloat, but the noise which it occasioned attracted the attention of the strangers, who, forcing their way through the bushes, rushed towards them. Perceiving the countenance of Ferrand at their head, Theodore advanced joyfully, and was about to congatulate him on his escape, when the other, with a grin of ferocious exultation exclaimed, " at length you are caught, despicable and imprudent aristocrat! Trust no more to appearances, they will always deceive you. Trust no more to friends of a day—but why should I advise thee? the guillotine will soon make thee forget my lessons. Couldst thou fancy that a patriot would scorn to assume the garb of a spy, and by moving thy pity penetrate into thy sentiments? This prize is mine, the fair Clementine is mine; it is the price I have stipulated as the reward of my services. But before I obtain it you must follow me to the Revolutionary Committee of Nantes. Fool, that thou wert, could not the glare of the flames that issued from thy castle have proved a beacon to direct thy flight? but I knew the thoughtless imprudence of youth; I knew thou wouldst come, and my country has no cause to blame me for want of zeal or vigilance." He said and beckoned to the ruffians who attended him to bind his prisoners. In vain Theodore, who had placed Clementine in the boat, and stood before it, armed with an oar, knocked down the first who approached to lay their hands on her, the rest passed slily behind him, and whilst he was engaged with their companions easily made the maid their prey, and by their shouts announced their triumph. Maddened, and grown desperate, Theodore sprang towards the treacherous Ferrand, and with a blow laid him senseless at his feet, but was himself overpowered, bound, and led with Clementine, like criminals, back to his burning mansion, whilst Ferrand, who began to give signs of returning life, was carried in the arms of his followers.

(To be continued.)



A grown Sportsman in training for the Sports of the Fields.

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ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN.

AN ancient Philosopher recommended that advice should be always *well-timed*; it is, therefore, fit, and appropriate, that I should address myself, Gentlemen, to you, *on the first of September*;—Yoicks! hark forward!—the Game is in view, and a scentlying morning, *but so plentiful!* that it requires a staunch hound to follow through all the doublings and crossings;—Hark, Rover!—to him, Sweetlips!—to drop the metaphor, there are so many *Sportsmen*, and of so *many* kinds, that we can only offer general advice, with here and there a few hints in detail.

To those who have thought of nothing but hunting, shooting, and fishing, all their lives, it might appear impertinent to give advice, but as I should be sorry to have mine thrown away, I shall only offer it to those to whom it *may* be useful. I shall, therefore, suppose my *Elevo* arrived at that happy period, when having realized something *comfortable*, and bid adieu to a bustling world, he has retired from the din and dust of the city, to some ancient hall, whose proprietor has found it convenient to transmute his dirty acres into some of the dross of Lima and Potosi. To acquire notice and attention—promote conviviality and good acquaintance—and, above all, to chase away that dull fiend *ennui*, you must engage in the sports of the country, though you know not a fox from a hare, unless, indeed, they were *roasted*.

To promote the initiation of *grown* Sportsmen into the field, has often engaged my reflections, and after much consideration, it appears to me, that the readiest way would be to restore *some* of the institutions of ancient chivalry!—Previous to the introduction of the young candidate for military fame, into the *field of Tournament*, it was customary to exercise him on a *wooden horse*, fitted on castors, to accustom him to the shock of contending knights: of these *quiet* animals, the breed is not extinct, but some specimens are still left, which, I make no doubt, you have seen when conducting your country cousins to see the lions washed:—now could we procure one of these, our system of education might instantly commence; but in this age, when it is so fashionable to *dethrone* living kings, I should be very sorry to countenance any of those innovations by even *dismounting* a dead one. We must, therefore, have recourse to some of the *horse manufacturers*, in St. Paul's Churchyard, who could soon furnish us with a set of quiet cattle from Tunbridge, for *young* Sportsmen, and grown up children.

Our *hunter* being thus procured, we might *pro tempore*, make up a pretty good kennel, by means of the turnspit, the house dog, master jackey's pug, and madam's lap dog; to hunt with *these*, on a trail, a dead cat, or a salt herring, might suffice; but as the horse would have no great inclination to follow, the stimulus which cannot be applied to him, must be applied to his *rider*; the most attractive scent in this case would be a bason of mock turtle, from the Colonel's, in Cornhill, or a hot beefsteak, from Dolly's; but as young dogs are always broke-in to a *true* scent of their game, so we shall commence our breaking in with a *roast hare*.

Our pupil having been exercised half an hour on his wooden horse, we may introduce Molly, the cook-maid, as *whipper-in*, and the juvenile Sportsman being thus accustomed to the *cry* of the dogs, it will be proper to reward him with a hearty dinner off the object of his pursuit.

Having thus surmounted your first difficulties, you may proceed to actual service; and here, recollecting the fate of poor Gilpin, provide yourself with a horse that cannot *run away with you*; if you are not in at the *death*, you may be in at the *dinner*, and that, I presume, will be to you the best part of the day's sport. It may be proper to have a *brush*, and other emblems of a sporting life, to shew to your city friends when they visit you on their tour to the Lakes, of the Land's End; it will give them a high idea of your sportsmanship; and when Mr. Deputy Addlegate returns to town, he may tell the listening envying cits, how comfortably Madam and you live in the country, and *as how* you have already *a brush or two*, and a pair of horns!

After your hot summer, and the novelty of the harvest is over, it is high time to declare war against the partridges—if you have already been trained to stand fire, in the Artillery Ground, or Montpelier Gardens, you have overcome one great difficulty; having thus learned *to fire*, your next object is to learn *to hit* the mark; you may, therefore, commence with a dead hen, thrown up in the air, at

which you may fire with your eyes shut, as she cannot fly away if you miss her; after a few trials, you may, perhaps, be able to *kill* her—to hit her I would say—and having succeeded in this you may prepare for the work of death. Loaded with ammunition, like a tumbril cart, and accompanied by your pointers from the dog shop, you sally forth—and Lord have mercy upon the partridges! Take care before you set out, to give the poor animals a *hearty breakfast*, as that will prevent them from running away from you; should any of them obstinately *stand*, and not come when you call to him, you may fire at him to frighten him, and who knows but you may kill a bird or two.

If you should observe *much game* in a stubble field, you may kill a few, if you can—for though, perhaps, not very good *eating*, yet their *quills* will be useful in the family, either for Miss Maria to write her love letters, or for her music master to tune the piano-forte.

When tired of the gun, the delights of fishing naturally present themselves; for this purpose you must be fitted out in Crooked-lane: it is impossible but that the simple country fish must be easily taken in by a London fly. When setting off for your day's diversion, let your basket be large enough, for though you may not fill it with trout, or grayling, yet it will be handy enough for your bread and cheese and porter. As fish eat best when just out of the water, (and if not to be eaten, why should you be at the trouble of catching them?) take care to be provided with a *conjuror*—not a conjuror to tell where the fish haunt, but a conjuror to cook them when *caught*. If the day is cloudy, that the fish cannot see your bait, throw a few stones into their holes to drive them into the stream, and then if they *wont* bite, you may console yourself, that it is not your fault. As patience is a necessary accomplishment for a *fisherman*, you may even, whilst in town, practise a little in the Paddington Canal, or the New River; should you catch nothing, you can always purchase sixpennyworth of flounders from the old fish-fags about Islington, to *shew at home*.

You will naturally join in other rural sports, of the Bowling-green and Cockpit; in the latter, the politeness of the company will make up for the barbarity of the amusement; as a staunch patriot, you must also encourage the breed of race horses, though after much crossing and jostling, you may get the wrong side of the post.

As you will, at the Country Club, or Quarter Sessions, be a great stickler for *liberty*, you must prove it on your own manors, by a strict adherence to the Game Laws; you will naturally consider your game as valuable, and so indeed it is, as it is most likely that it costs you ten times more than it is worth; and though your Preserves destroy more corn than the *Parson* claims, yet you must always exclaim against tythes.

If an unlucky fellow in your neighbourhood should have a taste for poaching, as long as he keeps off your manors, you may be conveniently blind, particularly if he has a pretty wife or daughter; the *advantages* of this are self-evident, but when he is *fit for killing*, you must be careful that the tables are not turned upon you, like the sporting parson in one of the southern counties. This sprig of divinity having brought an unfortunate poacher before the Magistrates, the proofs were so glaring, that they resolved to punish the offender in the mitigated penalty of five pounds, although his *reverence*, heedless of the poor man's solicitations, insisted strongly on the full penalty being levied. After the order was made out, the offender addressing the bench, begged "to "know of their honour's worships, if so be as "how he could not fine measter Parson;" on being answered in the affirmative, provided he could make out his case: "Why then, ecod, "measters (said he) measter Parson ha got "ne'er a stamp in his hat." The case was clear, his reverence was fined ten pounds, half to the informer, which was a clear set off to the poaching penalty.

By a strict attention to these hints, you may soon become notorious, and will be remembered in their prayers, by all the neighbouring poor—that is—they will remember to leave you out, but that is immaterial, for as they have so little interest in the courts *below*, it is not to be supposed they can have any in the courts *above*. I have thus given you a few hints for your commencement, but as I shall have an opportunity of paying you my respects again, in my visit to the *Country Squires*, I shall, for the present, wish you a good morning.

F. L.

TURKISH LETTERS.

No. II.

THY pupil, most learned Effendi, again takes up his pen, not to *delineate*, for that is impossible, the people of this land of contradictions, but to shew what they are, by pointing out what they are not, yet even in that I must fail, for their tastes, their whims, and their fancies, are as fleeting and transient as the dews of the morning, and as varying as the moonbeams on the bosom of the Propontis.—On our arrival at the Caravanserai at Portsmouth, we began to observe the superior genius of these infidels; unlike our Caravanserais in the regions sacred to our holy prophet, the weary traveller is neither obliged to spread his couch, nor to dress his own repast; but here, like the creation of enchantment, refreshments were prepared as if by the Genii of Aladin, and carriages for our journey were procured with a celerity that could only be equalled by the rapidity of our movements over roads smooth as the shores of Hellespont. We ascended a hill where the dark brown sward fatigued the eye, except where relieved by the glaring reflection from the masses of chalk rock; but how shall I describe our rapture when, on reaching the top, we beheld the ocean, earth, and air, forming one grand picture, until they were softened into obscurity in the distant horizon? In a few moments we rushed with inconceivable velocity into a country more fertile than the plains of Natolia, where peace, comfort, and happiness seemed to reign around.—The multiplicity of objects, and the rapidity of their succession, kept attention on the rack, and threw imagination into a fever, until the shades of evening gave that kind of obscurity to the surrounding objects, which makes them more pleasing, whilst it takes from their distinctness. Our approach to this vast metropolis was now announced by rows of lamps, equal in brilliancy to those which decorate the gardens of our sublime sultan; a superb bridge led us over an extended river, on whose trembling waves the playful moonbeams were reflected; for a few minutes we glided through the gloom of awful towers and gloomy battlements, when suddenly we found ourselves immersed in all the din and bustle of contending elements.—'Midst this scene of chaos and confusion, we drove through lines of streets which seemed endless, until we arrived at our Caravanserai, where every comfort that luxury could devise, art could execute, were prepared for us.—To avoid the gaze of the curious, we have since retired to private apartments, where I have set me down to study this ingenious people; knowing enough of the language, thanks to your kindness and our holy prophet, I now determined, according to your advice, to peruse the writings of their most learned muftis, but I find, though I may there learn wisdom, yet I shall acquire but little knowledge. Of these sages, it is enough to say, "they *write* well;" but if you inquire whether they *practise* their lessons of wisdom, you are referred to their *biography* compiled by some *friend*, where, alas! they appear only to prove the soundness of their doctrine by contrarieties. It is not then in the writings of their *wise men*, but in their periodical and daily publications, that we must look for the ever varying traits that form rather a caricature than a portrait of these infidels. On sitting down to our breakfast table this morning, we were presented with a large sheet, closely printed, containing the news of the day; of the day! you will say; yes, reverend Effendi, there are papers here for the news of the day, and the news of the night also; for when one half of the inhabitants of this mighty city cease from their labours, the other half are just starting from their couches, and commence their morning with the going down of the sun. Inquiring the *reason* of this phenomenon, I was told there was *no reason* for it, but it was the newest fashion; this you must know, most learned Effendi, is an universal answer, and whatever may be the proximate, *this* is always the *remote* cause of all their actions.—Yet in their eagerness to grasp at novelty, invention and genius seem totally expended: the *newest* fashion is in general some old one revived, and their dress, their manners, and even their literature, are nothing more than something which every body has forgot, presented in the garb of novelty. They have a book here similar to our Koran, which, however, must be but little read, for two of their *newest* and most general fashions have been selected from its *first page*: here we find that *Eve*, the universal mother, "was naked and was not ashamed," which is quite the *ton*, as they call it, of the present day; and the *nocturnal* part of the population have merely adapted their chronology to the same ancient time, when "the evening and the morning were the first day."

As no two species can be more different than those who live by day and those who live by night, yet it requires much trouble to keep them separate and *distinct*; in this attempt at approximation, we see a complete proof of the axiom that "action and re-action are equal;" for as one advances the other recedes, thus exemplifying the *fluxional* problem of the two lines, which are always approaching, yet will never meet. In order, therefore, to prevent confusion, I shall always make a distinction in the class and gender of those whose *natural* history I shall from time to time select for the amusement of my friend, whose days may the Holy Prophet bless.

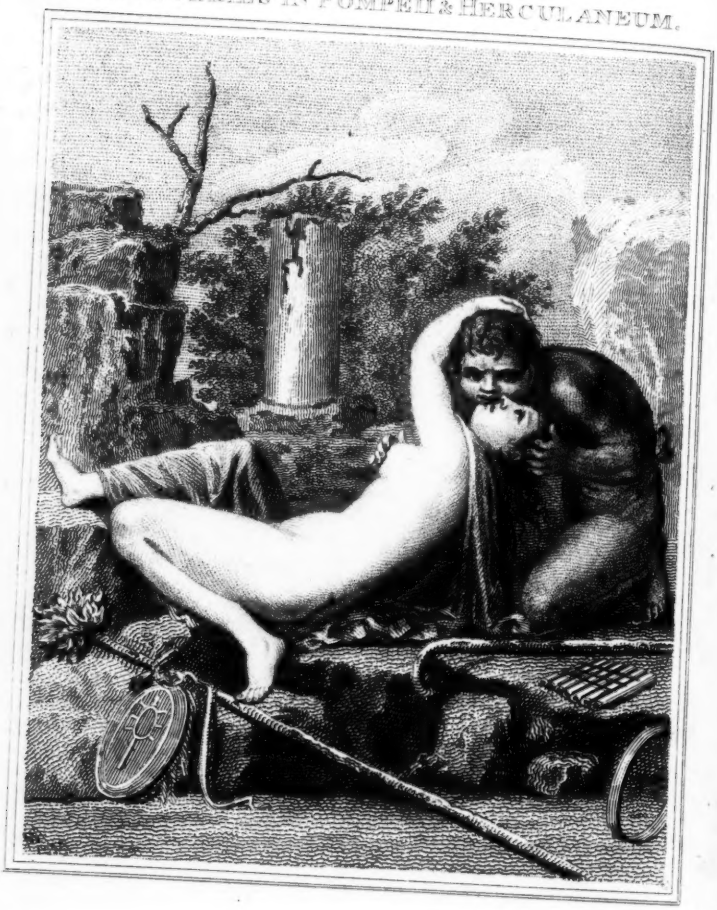
P. L.

ON TRAGEDY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

OBSERVATIONS ON ITS ORIGIN, ON ÆSCHYLUS AND HIS WORKS.

TO dive into the annals of antiquity, and gather information from ages that are past, is a pleasing, but not always an easy task. It becomes less difficult when we only follow the footsteps of other adventurers, who, wading before us through the gloom of time, have left a faint trace of light behind them. But even then we are exposed to the danger of being led astray by the ignorance of our guides. Yet, since the chief features of a landscape painted by several masters at different times, may be exactly descried, notwithstanding the ornaments with which their imagination may have disguised the face of nature, by the man who compares their paintings together, we may hope, after an attentive survey of the works of the commentators that have preceded us, to avoid falling into any gross error. As truth, and not a vain show of originality is our aim, we will not in our researches into the origin of dramatic representations deviate from their tracts, reserving to ourselves freedom of opinion and novelty of observation, when we proceed to examine the compositions of the ancient tragic writers.

Whatever springs from Greece, the native land of heroes, bards, legislators, and philosophers, is wrapped at its birth in the veil of mythology. In a country where imagination animated every object; where the fields, the woods, the streams, the cities, and the houses were peopled with gods and goddesses, every trifling incident was referred to a supernatural cause; which being thought capable of remedying or preventing fatal consequences, and improving favourable ones, received under a thousand names and shapes, a constant tribute of adoration. Like a river, the water of which may be divided into numberless channels, the power of that unknown and supernatural cause, whenever it revealed itself, whether through benefits or ravages, was instantly transformed into a new god, with an appellation expressive of its effects. Thus in gratitude for the enlivening faculty of wine, and at the same time in order to describe its command over the tongue which it loosens at will, that liquor was deified under the name of Bacchus, from the word Βάζω, to speak. A new mode of worship was soon invented, for Icarius, who first planted vines in Attica, having found a goat feeding in the midst of his vineyard, sacrificed it to the new divinity, whilst the spectators, rubbing their faces with the dregs of wine, danced around, singing hymns of praise. This sacrifice was renewed every year at the vintage season, and the hymn then sung was called τρυγωδία, from τρυξ, dregs of wine, or τρυγη, vintage, and ᾠδη, a song; it was afterwards changed to τραγωδία, from τράγος, a goat. The Athenians soon adopted the same method of worshipping the god of wine, but introduced more art and pomp into their ceremonies. Chorusses were formed, and the dances became more regular. The composition of the hymns was no more left to the unlettered vulgar, who mistook intoxication for the impulse of inspiration; the best poets of the day grew proud of displaying their talents in honour of the enlivening divinity. Their fame spread with that of Bacchus; prizes were given to those who distinguished themselves, and who when they had exhausted the praises of the god, invented or selected fables and stories in which he was the chief actor. Here, the first appearance of the drama may be traced, faint as the beam of morning which though quenched in mist, announces the approach of the all enlightening sun. In this state it was carried into cities, where it ex-



SATYR AND NYMPH.

The fac simile of an undoubted Roman Painting discovered in Herculaneum, and considered by Connoisseurs as the most exquisite Specimen of the Art now extant. Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary and Fashionable Magazine. Sept 1st

paratively improved so rapidly, that it soon exclusively obtained the name of tragedy, whilst the representations performed in the country, were, as a mark of inferiority, designated by the appellation of comedy, κωμωδία, from κωμη, village, and ωδη, song, a village song.

It is reported that Ephigenes, from Sicyon, was the first who invented chorusses, and awoke emulation among poets, by instituting prizes for the best compositions. Some represent him as the author of the first fables or dramatic stories; others attribute them to Theognis, who lived in the year of the world 2880, and say that Auleas introduced great musical chorusses. However the long period of 650 years elapsed before any great alterations were made in tragedy, although a succession of fourteen tragical writers is marked in the annals of those times. At last towards the year of the world 3530 Thespis appeared, and interrupted the songs and dances of the chorusses, by bringing on the scene an actor who repeated a metrical account of some great or interesting action, which was called an Episode. He is mentioned by Horace, as having led a company of strollers, whose faces were reddened with the dregs of wine, in a car from town to town.

This small improvement paved the way for others, which however proceeded but slowly, for it was not until about fifty years after that Æschylus introduced two actors in the Episode. But genius, whenever it appears, bursts forth with the rapidity and splendour of lightning, and in a few moments produces greater alterations in every object on which it bends its powers, than the tame industry of ages could perform. The same bard invented theatrical scenery, in which the rules of perspective were observed. Temples, cities, landscapes, sepulchres, flying cars, and fleets faithfully depicted on the stage, now for the first time greeted the public sight; and all the springs of artful machinery were set in motion. The action became a little more complicated, and the magnificence of the spectacle increased. Apparitions, gods, and armies were introduced, and in order that the representatives of the heroes of fabulous history might convey the idea of superior beings to the audience, they were clad in long flowing robes, their faces covered with masks so constructed as to augment the strength of their voice, and their stature heightened by the use of buskins.

Æschylus, who, on account of these improvements, deserves to be considered as the father of the Grecian drama, was sprung from a noble family of Attica. Passionately fond of glory, he courted her on the plains of death as well as in the fields of literature. When Greece wrestled with the gathered might of Persia, he fought and conquered at Marathon, in the third year of the LXXII Olympiad, 264th of Rome, and 490 years before the birth of our Saviour. He was brother to the famous Cynegyre, who in the same battle pursued the flying Persians to their ships, and taking hold of the prow of one of them with his right hand prevented its leaving the shore. This hand was cut off; he resumed his hold with the other, which experienced the same fate; his teeth were now his sole weapons, he fastened them on the prow, and died unsubdued in that situation. Æschylus distinguished himself a second time at the naval battle fought with the Persians at Salamis, in the year of Rome 274; and a third time at Platea, where Mardonius lost his army and his life. These military exploits, and the bustle of camps and armies did not hinder our bard from listening to the inspiration of the muses: but it may have strengthened the bent of his genius that led him towards tragedy. He composed many pieces, seven of which only have survived the wreck of time, and an account of which we will lay before our readers after we have followed him through the vicissitudes of his existence. Notwithstanding the honours which his courage had won, and the triumphs which his genius obtained over his poetical concurrents, he narrowly escaped being stoned to death by the mob, impelled by the anger of the priests, for having brought upon the stage, in his tragedy called *The Eumenides*, the mysteries of their religion. Being closely pursued, he took refuge in the temple of Bacchus, and threw himself upon the justice of the Areopagus. This tribunal, the wisdom of which he had highly praised in *The Eumenides*, in which he introduces *Apollo* pleading for *Orestes* before its members, gratefully absolved him on account of the wounds he had received in the Persian war. Like some of our modern authors, he forgot that age damps talent, and notwithstanding the weight of years boldly entered the lists of emulation, with Sophocles, a youth whose rising fame threatened to rival and perhaps surpass his. The cause that gave birth to this contest was the following: Theseus' relics were carried to Athens by Cimon, with great pomp, for the purpose of being buried in the city over which he had reigned. This solemnity was attended with public games, and tragic poets were invited to con-

tend for prizes. Æschylus determined not to yield the crown to his young rival, who had just reached his twenty-fourth year, and composed a tragedy. Both pieces were read by the judges, and the morning when their decision was to be publicly made known being come, the partisans of both assembled tumultuously. Fearful lest the sentence would give rise to a riot, the judges waited till Cimon and the other Athenian generals appeared, and referred the pieces to their examination. Sophocles was declared the victor, and Æschylus irritated, at what he deemed the ingratitude of his countrymen, bade adieu to his native land, and withdrew to the court of King Hieron, in Sicily. Here he would have spent the end of his days in peace, had not the recollection of a prophecy, which foreboded that the fall of a house would kill him, acted so powerfully upon his mind, as to make him afraid of cities. Age increased his apprehensions, instead of adding to his wisdom; he suddenly took the resolution of living in the country beneath the vault of heaven, and leaving Gela where the court then resided, was proceeding to put his design into execution, when an eagle mistaking his bald head for the summit of a rock, dropped a turtle, which it carried, upon him, in order to break its shell. The height from which it fell, increased its weight, and as the head of our bard was softer than the eagle apprehended, it was entirely crushed, and the prophecy thus fulfilled by the animal that carries its house on its back. He had entered his sixty-third year when he died, though the scholiast of Aristophanes wrongly places his death in the 298th year of Rome, which would make him eighty-three, and Suidas tells us he was no more than fifty-eight. He left several pieces, which were afterwards performed and crowned on the Athenian stage, but he had reached that land where triumphs and defeats are alike forgotten.

The tragedies which he wrote were very numerous, but only seven have been saved from the ravages of time, and of ignorant barbarians. Their names are as follows: Prometheus, the Seven Chiefs before Thebes, the Persians, Agamemnon, the Coephori, the Eumenides, and the Supplicants.

In all of these he displays an epic, rather than a dramatic genius. His admiration for Homer, led him into imitation, not through a consciousness of inferiority, but through that irresistible impulse that compels us, whilst we contemplate a great monument of the art and ability of man, to wish, if not to attempt, to produce a work equally grand and magnificent, but on a different plan. The plots of most of his pieces are so simple, that among us they would not afford matter sufficient to fill an act. Some of them, indeed, are little more than a dialogue between two interlocutors, that to us would seem cold and uninteresting. It was not the same with the Greeks; whatever related to their heroes awakened their national pride; for clap-traps, expressed in the language of enthusiastic genius, and with the *unaffected* fervour of *true* patriotism, were then deemed an honourable way of securing the plaudits of the nation, and a sure method of rousing emulation to deeds worthy of immortal fame.—Whatever related to their divinities, the situations in which they were sometimes placed, which would degrade them in our eyes, inspired them with reverence, or called for a kind of religious sympathy which none but Pagans, adoring Gods endowed with human passions, could feel. It is not astonishing, therefore, that the following tragedy, entitled *Prometheus*, met with the approbation of an Athenian audience.

At the opening of the play, Vulcan attended with Force and Violence, the Ministers of Jupiter, causes Prometheus, loaded with diamond chains, to be fastened to Mount Caucasus.—The crime of this victim to sovereign power, consists in having done good to mankind, by stealing fire from heaven, and revealing to men the secrets of the arts and sciences. But this instance of injustice in the King of all the Gods, must be attributed to mythology itself, and not to the willing misrepresentations of the poet, unless it be still contended for, that bards created the fabulous history of their divinities, and ought, therefore, to have formed higher notions, and given more perfect pictures of celestial excellence. The Ocean Nymphs, Ocean itself, and Io, pursued by the jealousy of Juno, peep in to listen to the words which Prometheus utters. This demi-god, who rises superior to his fate, boasts that he alone knows the means which Jupiter can employ to keep the seat of his usurpation over the inhabitants of Olympus; and that he will never unfold it, unless he be set at liberty. Mercury is immediately sent to command him to reveal that important secret, and threatens him, in case he should remain silent, with the vengeance of Jupiter, who will blast him with his lightnings, and leave him a prey to a vulture, who will feed on his liver. Prometheus spurns at fear, and defies the wrath of the tyrant of heaven.

The threatened lightnings burst forth, the rock to which the undaunted demi-god is chained, is split asunder, and the tragedy ends.

The subject of the *Persians* is not removed from human nature, for it is taken from history, and (contrary to the rules of certain modern critics, who thought it necessary for an author to choose topics over which a succession of ages has shed poetical darkness) from recent history. It celebrates the triumph of Greece, and especially of the Athenians over the fleet of the Persian Monarch, at the celebrated sea-fight at Salamis. In this piece we perceive no trace of dramatic action; it consists entirely in relations, descriptions, omens, dreams, and lamentations. The scene lies at Suza, and the play opens with a chorus of old men who express an anxious wish of learning the result of Xerxes' expedition against Greece. Their anxiety is encreased by this Monarch's mother, Atossa, who entrusts them with a terrifying dream which has lately visited her, and their fears are justified by the arrival of a soldier who has escaped from the conquering swords of the Greeks, and gives an account of the defeat of his countrymen. Atossa probably finding the grief caused by this fatal news too heavy to be borne by a living being, wishes to share it with the dead, and conjures up the ghost of Darius, not to ask its advice on this emergency, but to inform it of the destruction of the Persian fleet and army. The ghost listens, and then retires to brood in Elysium, if we may suppose the spirits of ambitious kings to be allowed to dwell in those fields of bliss, over the memory of his own defeats, and those of his successor. In the fifth act Xerxes appears alone with an empty quiver, the only remains, he tells us, of that innumerous army with which he invaded Greece. He weeps, and groans, and commands the chorus of old men to do the same, and the play finishes in general lamentations.

This tragedy could not fail to please the taste of the Athenians; it is almost nothing else but a panegyric on the courage which they displayed at Salamis; and the savour of the praises bestowed upon them is heightened by their proceeding from the lips of conquered foes.—They are represented as a nation favoured by heaven, invincible in war, great in peace, and the support of liberated Greece. The crown which the author won, was granted by grateful pride, rather than severe and impartial judgment. Here it may not be improper to remark, that the ancients did not think it requisite that tragedy should end fatally, and that the poet was at liberty to give it a happy termination. This will be exemplified more at large, when we treat of Euripides. In our next we will proceed with the examination of Æschylus's best pieces.

(To be continued.)

LA BONNE BOUCHE.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM, A MAN OF STRAW.

SEGRAIS, who wrote in the seventeenth century, relates a whimsical anecdote of an Avocat, who, poor and proud, was anxious to preserve appearances equal to his neighbours. For this purpose, Mons. L'Avocat procured a carriage, and a couple of horses fitter for the hounds than the road, yet found himself still at a loss for a footman: to make up the deficiency, he had an effigy of straw dressed in livery, and stuck up behind his equipage: a few days after, in a procession, the horses of the carriage following him, attracted by the smell of their food, eat one of the legs of the footman, when a wag passing by, exclaimed, "take care coachman, it will be your turn next."

STRANGE FATALITY ATTENDING CHARLES THE FIRST.

It is surprising how little Charles suspected that the parliament could have designs upon his life: he disregarded the warnings which he often received from his friends, with a kind of philosophy, which seemed to border on stoicism. Longuerue, a French author, mentions a circumstance which he heard from a friend of his resident in England in the time of the civil wars. This gentleman mixed in the higher circles, and was on terms of intimacy with a lady easy of access, the wife of one of Charles's bitterest enemies. In a moment of dalliance, he learned from her the intention of the republican party to bring the monarch to the scaffold, and immediately went to the French ambassador, to inform him of it. The ambassador gained admittance to the king; who was amusing himself with such entertainments as were permitted him. Charles observed, that he had just seen performed a very pleasing comedy; but the ambassador, with much gravity answered, that the business *he* came on was very *tragical*, and then related the intentions of the chiefs of the

party. The philosophical monarch, when urged to escape, answered very coolly—"He who lies on the ground is not in danger of falling."—"True," replied the Frenchman, "but whilst he is lying on the ground they may cut off his head!"

BOOK COLLECTORS.

This passion of *book collecting* arises as often from folly and vanity, as from a real desire to possess a work of *unique value*. One purchases *a book* because it is the *first* edition; another because it is the *last*; another learned collector purchases a work, not because he cares for the *author*, but because some learned man's name or *autograph*, according to the modern fashionable literary nomenclature, is written on the title-page. This rage for collecting is not confined to Europe alone, but Asia and Africa have been ransacked for manuscripts, whose sole value was, that nobody could understand them. It was, however, perhaps more prevalent in the seventeenth century than in the present: at that time some ingenious *gleaners* in the literary *harvest-home*, brought to Paris a number of very *valuable* Arabian manuscripts, well preserved and *labelled*, with names of high import and sounding fame. The *collectors* rushed to the scene of action, eager to purchase and out-bid each other, and the sellers well knew how to seek advantage of this *empressement literaire*: high prices were asked and given, and happy was he who could add to his library a book which he could not understand. The Sorbonne, the Academy Royal, and all the *Scavans*, were in raptures with their acquisitions; when at length their excessive joy permitted them to trust these *morceaux precieux* to the inspection of those who really understood the Arabic language; it appeared that the manuscripts certainly contained *accounts of great value*, for they were the *ledgers* of Persian and Arabian merchants in Bassora and Bagdat!

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

The classical story of the cobler of Athens stands not alone, but had a counterpart at Rome, in the Cardinal d'Ossoni, who engaged the most famous statuary of the time, to form a statue which should be a *chef d'œuvre* of the art. When finished, the cardinal proceeded to the workshop of the artist, when he had taste enough to perceive that the statue was in reality a *morceau* of taste and elegance; yet supposing that unqualified praise was beneath a *critic*, he pretended to examine the figure with the most scrupulous and penetrating eye. Anxious to display his skill, yet fearful to commit a blunder, the *accurate* cardinal hesitated in his censure, until he came to the nose, which he found rather *aquiline*, and which *ought to have been* more Grecian. Stating this important criticism to the artist, the latter, to gratify him, offered to remedy it; then taking up some marble dust in his hand, he pretended to apply his chisel to the part, and whilst *going through the motions*, let the dust at intervals fall through his hand. In a few minutes, presenting it again to the critical priest, the latter exclaimed with self-approving rapture, "Now, indeed, Angelo, you "have made it perfect, it is now a model of "inimitable grace!"

LITERARY FLATTERY.

The greatest men are susceptible of flattery, and it is not only a weakness in itself, but it is also in general most successful when applied to their *weakest side*. Cardinal Mazarine, in the midst of his political greatness, was not unambitious of literary fame; for this purpose, he patronised the poets and *scavans* of the day, who attached themselves to the prime minister with equal eagerness, though in return they received little but his *public civilities*, and the honour of being the *friends of Mazarine*.—The witty Benserade was amongst the number, and felt anxious to receive some more solid marks of the ministerial patronage: during his daily attendance at court, he became much admired for his luscious love verses, and the elegant flattery of his paneygrics, which became so much praised that the cardinal, one evening in conversation with Louis, observed that *he himself* paid much attention to the elegancies of literature in his juvenile days; that he had composed many admired sonnets; and that, in short, he had been at the papal court exactly what Benserade now was at Versailles. Benserade was informed of this *poetical gasconade* by some of his friends, and, though late at night, immediately rushed to the bed where his eminence lay, and fell on his knees in apparent transport, entreating his pardon for his untimely disturbance, but declared that his rapture was so great at hearing what his patron had said, and his pride and gratitude were so excessive, at being supposed to have the slightest resemblance t

his eminence in poetic talents, that if he had not been permitted to enter, he must have expired. He concluded his rapturous adoration by *hinting*, that to be sure he was not rich, but would now die contented. The *poetic* cardinal, delighted with his ardour, and humbugged by his flattery, most graciously assured him of his protection, and a few days afterwards presented him with a considerable pension.

PUZZLING QUESTION.

The well-known law-case of *Bullum versus Boatum*, is equalled by a question which engaged the logical acuteness of the sophists in the sixteenth century. It was thus put:—"When a hog is led to the market, by a rope "tied round its neck, which is held at the other "end by a man; *quere*, whether is it the "man or the rope that carries the hog to "market?"

N. B. A *logical* solution of this from some of our learned correspondents would not be unacceptable.—*Editor.*

F. L.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

A DAY IN SPRING, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ. R. A.

TO the names of Hoppner and Shee, that of Westall is now added; as characters successfully cultivating the "sister arts" of poetry and painting. Report, indeed, had long since spread the fame of Mr. Westall's poetical compositions; and it now remains to examine how far his present publication establishes his claim to the distinction awarded him by friendship. He, at least, is not to be classed among those who flourish on suppositious reputation; who, from their own assumption of superiority, are believed capable of attaining to excellence; and who, therefore, are estimated as competent to perform what they are never seen to accomplish. He has proved himself possessed of those powers for which he had been accredited.

We opened this volume with a presentiment, which its contents have generally confirmed.—From the numerous specimens of Mr. Westall's genius as a painter, we had formed some estimate of him as a poet; and the same qualities which distinguish "his productions in another "and a sister art," it will be found, are also perceptible throughout his poetical compositions. Correctness of conception, beauty of design, splendour of arrangement, delicacy of ornament, and sweetness of manner, are as conspicuous in the effusions of his muse as in the delineations of his pencil. Occasionally, however, he strikes by the originality of his descriptions, and surprises by the sublimity of his imagery.

His "*Day in Spring*" offers ample specimens of descriptive powers:—

"Now I seek the quiet grove,
"Where the ringdove woos his love;
"Where, beneath each spreading tree,
"Clustering, grows the strawberry;
"And the tangling underwood
"Frequent turns the devious road,
"Till a sloping lawn I cross,
"Girt with oak and soft with moss,
"Whose deep bosom thick is set
"With the purple violet,
"And the orchis rears his head
"Spiral from his velvet bed.

"Me, thick-coming fancies lead
"Oft to this sequestered mead;
"*When the moon, with silv'ry light,*
"*Half unveils the form of night,*
"*And o'er every scene hath thrown*
"*Deep solemnity of tone:*

"Where the scene is dark with yew,
"Solemn rising on the view,
"Lo! a gothic pile appears;
"*Touch'd, but not impair'd, by years!*"
"Lo! from yonder mountain's brow,
"*Balmy showers, descending slow,*
"*Over hill and wood and dale,*
"*Gently throw a misty veil.*
"Underneath the shelter now
"Of the oak's wide spreading bough
"Charm'd I rest, and hear the note
"Of the tuneful thrush's throat;—"

His "*Garden*" contains so many beauties, that our readers will not refuse to accompany us into it.

" Oh! how sweet the breath of May!
" Oh! how rich her form appears,
" Bounteous smiling through her tears;
" As the day-star, riding high,
" Clears the lately clouded sky!
" —Never let my banks be free
" From the flaunting pionx;
" Or the flower that bears the name
" Of the never-dying flame;
" Or the tulip's pencil'd bell;
" Or the pink, with spicy smell:
" While, beside them, lovely grows
" Flora's pride, the mossy rose;
" And the lily's breast of snow
" Blends the heaven-tinctur'd glow.

" Let the *hollyhock* be nigh,
" Deeply steep'd in purple dye;
" I delight to see him *drest*
" *In his dark imperial vest,*
" *Branching wide and waving loose,*
" *Drunk he seems with Tyrian juice!*
" ——————Still my bower
" Shines with many a lovely flower:
" At its entrance, close entwine
" Suckling sweet and eglantine;
" Round its side, the blossom'd May
" Loves with twisted branch to stray;
" And the jasmine, as his mate,
" Slender, sweet, and delicate.

" Dear, delicious, favour'd gloom,
" Form'd of all that breathes perfume,
" Oh! how sweet it is to lie
" *In thy rich obscurity!*—
" Listening, while the zephyrs bring
" Sylvan sounds on ev'ry wing."

His " *Close of Day*" is given with richness of colouring, and original fidelity.

" Now the sun, who western far
" Downward drives his rapid car,
" Seems his sacred locks to lave
" In the broad atlantic wave;
" Leaving, in his progress bright,
" Streams of many-colour'd light:
" See—they vary! see, they fade!
" *Over all is now display'd*
" *One broad tint, more dear to me*
" *Even than variety!*

" Hail, grey-bosom'd twilight! hail!
" Never, never may I fail,
" With a votary's zeal, to wait
" On thy mild, thy placid state:
" I, around thy modest head,
" Raptur'd see the planets spread;
" Raptur'd see *the starry blaze*
" *Widening still its pearly rays,*
" Till at length the galaxy
" Glows across the vaulted sky!"

Such are some of the extacies of that delightful season, when, in the highly animated language of our poet,

" ——THE GOD, WHO GAVE IT BIRTH,
" SEEMS TO WALK THE BLOSSOM'D EARTH!"

Of those passages, in the works of an author, which principally attach our regard, we confess we feel particular gratification in the perusal of such as refer especially to himself. There is something so classically elegant, and so allusively interesting, in our poet's *Address to Painting*, that we cannot resist another extract from his " *Day in Spring*."

" ——————Oh, inspired maid!
" Never thou forsake my shade;
" *Thou*, who *mute*, *dost language use*
" *Powerful as the vocal muse:*
" Thee my infant choice approv'd,
" Thee I woo'd, for thee I lov'd.
" Often, when the orient ray
" Spoke the near approach of day;
" Often, when the *evening mild*,
" *Dewy mantled, wept and smil'd;*
" Often, at the solemn time,
" When the pale moon rode sublime,
" Thou hast heard my ardent pray'r;
" Heard, and not disdain'd to hear:—
" *** *** *** *** *** ***
" For, around my pillow'd head,
" Oft thy perfect forms were spread;
" And delicious Hope the while
" Cheer'd me with her magic smile,
" And, in sweet prophetic lays,
" Whisper'd me of coming days.

" Oh! that I the forms could give
" Strong as in my thoughts they live,
" When the rich, the perfect, whole,
" Comes in splendour on my soul!—
" *My broad canvas then should show*
" *Warm with life's divinest glow!*
" *So that those who came to gaze,*
" *Fix'd, should stand in fond amaze;*
" *And, in anxious clusters round,*
" *Wait impatient for the sound!*"

Had he not restricted himself to *one* " Day " in Spring," it might be felt as a defect, in the present poem, that the author scarcely touches the exquisite strings of moral and intellectual sensibility. He has few of those delineations, by which Thomson continually excites the finest and tenderest emotions: he seems almost to have forgotten, in this instance, the admonitory sentiment of Cowper, that

" The poet's *lyre*, to fix his fame,
" Must be the poet's *heart !*"—

Lines on the "*Approach of Winter*," display the characteristic powers of our poet. We select the following passage; partly for its descriptive excellence, and partly as contrasted with his "*Day in Spring*."

" The careful rustic marks the signs
" Of winter; marks them, and refines:
" Swift to the neighbouring wood he goes,
" Its branches fall beneath his blows;
" And, as they fall, his healthy brood
" In bundles tye the sapless wood,
" And bear it on their heads away,
" As fuel for the wintry day.—
" At length, the chilling mists arise
" Wide o'er the earth, and veil the skies;
" The feather'd shower falls thickly down,
" And deeper seems dark Winter's frown
" The north wind hollow-murmuring blows,
" And drives in heaps the falling snows—
*** *** *** *** *** ***
" Me, when the rising morning breaks
" The rear of night with ruddy streaks,
" She calls—the alter'd scenes to view—
" How chang'd! how silent is the grove,
" Late the gay haunt of youth and love!
" Its tangling branches now are shorn
" Of leafy honours; and, *upborne*
" *By their close tops, the snow hath made*
" *Beneath a strange and solemn shade.*"

Another specimen, and we close this species of extracts. We do not know that the following stanzas have been surpassed: they describe the stillness of night in the country.

" —'Tis so silent, I can hear,
" As I pass the rustic bowers,
" E'en the dew-drops falling near,
" From the overcharged flowers!
" 'Tis so silent, I can hear
" E'en the distant cattle feed;
" As I range, unheeding where,
" Through the pathway of the mead!"

Of the "*Lines suggested by the sight of a Ruined Castle*," it would be ridiculous to speak in terms of peculiar commendation.—The concluding reflection,

" Their mingled dust, the sole remains
" Of Beauty's and of Valour's trains!"

reminds one of the well-known rhapsody, ending

How lov'd, how valued once, avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Such moral musings, like certain pious meditations among the tombs, express nothing more than the commonest feelings of our common nature; and, therefore, are valuable only as they happen to place what is familiar in a new and striking point of view.

It is not from the "*Odes*" of Mr. Westall, of which there are four leading ones in the present volume, that a candid critic would wish to select numerous specimens of his abilities. We shall, however, mark a few instances, in which he certainly rises above the meagre meed of mediocrity. In his "*Ode on the Victory of the First of June*," we are pleased with the philosophical spirit, as well as poetry, of the following lines.

" Lo! the firm set Continent,
" *With a mental earthquake rent,*
" Hardly lifts her ancient shield,
" Hardly dares the falchion wield;
" And aghast, with growing woe,
" *Waits the meditated blow!*"

The ode entitled "*Despair*" exhibits, in the following stanzas, our author's higher powers. He is speaking of Despair—

" Him too the bloody King beheld,
" The night that usher'd Bosworth field,
" When, making strength and courage vain,
" Rose the sad murder'd kindred-train.
" ' Up tyrant, up! now grasp the sword,
" Now give the furious battle-word
" And raise the blazon'd shield;
" Buckle thy studded harness on,
" And now thy crested helmet don,
" And hurry to the field:
" Then, while thy sabre drives along
" Or gives to death the flying throng,
" Then, while thy shouting captains cry
" ' Plantagenet! and victory!'—
" E'en then, around thy crowned head,
" Shall the pale shadows of the dead,
" York, Clarence, Edward, stand;
" And Anne, whose crown is hid beneath
" The solemn sable shrowd of death,
" Shall join the avenging band!'
" Amidst the shock of meeting arms,
" The loud artillery's alarms,
" The clang that rends the sky,
" He, shuddering, heard a murmuring low,
" The oft repeated voice of woe,
" ' Tyrant!—despair, and die!'
" He heard it still, though sword and spear
" Fell clattering round his stunned ear;
" He heard it still, though many a wound
" Had stretch'd him on th' ensanguin'd ground;

" And still—and still—though agony
" Was closing fast his fiery eye."

As an amatory bard, Mr. Westall evinces fair claims to our applause. His " *Songs to Myra*" are simple but affecting, natural but elegant. To his *Elegy* on the same lady, much as we admire it in parts, we cannot award our unqualified approbation. What can be more touchingly expressive than the following stanza?—

" Friend of my youth! for thee my tears
" Spontaneously shall flow;
" And *memory, through a length of years,*
" *Shall nurse the sighs of woe.*"

This is indeed the language of affection; and we have only to regret that the *poet*, in the very next stanza, should be suffered to supersede the *lover!* Even a Westall cannot do without making his " *sad offerings*," when " *fresh tears shall dew the hallow'd ground*;" and, when (though we suspect that *this* expectation will furnish matter of dispute between the *bard* and the *botanist*) " *fresh flowers*" are also to " *bedack the shade.*" We do not wish to speak with levity; but we could not consent to pass silently over what to us appeared really reprehensible.

Alas, for the '*Odes to Sophia!*'—They are fanciful, they are pretty, and they are polished; but they glow not with that feeling which animated our poet's lyre when he attuned it to the praises of Myra. As to an " *Elegy on the Death of Dr. Josias Clarke*," we consider it by far the most indifferent production contained in this collection of poems. It remains to notice our author's odes, " *Descriptive of the Character of the Works of some of the greater Poets*;" commencing with Homer, and terminating with Milton.

Many fine, and even sublime, passages are to be met with in this series of poetical portraitures. Since, however, we have nearly exceeded the limits usually assigned for our account of any publication, we are now compelled to be as succinct as possible. Of these " *Odes*" then, we are, on the whole, inclined to prefer the one " *Descriptive of the Character of Spenser*;" whose genius Mr. Westall has most happily appreciated and beautifully described. Very different considerations induce us, notwithstanding, to dwell rather on his account of Milton.

Milton's accusation against the age which his labours had so eminently distinguished, his bitter complaint of evil tongues and evil days, long since, roused the resentment of Johnson; while this fate seems latterly to have procured him, on the contrary, sympathy and support. Hayley, Todd, Symonds, among his last leading biographers, have successively laboured to vindicate the character of the British Homer, and do justice to his own representation of his sufferings. Poetry has, at length, engaged in the same task; and, as it is still a subject of considerable interest to the votaries of the muse, we shall venture to transcribe Mr. Westall's illustration of Milton's melancholy feelings.

" Oh! dark and evil were the times
" Of Regal errors, and the crimes,
" Of fierce Democracy!
" Dire were th' extremes, Oh! mighty bard;
" And, to thy ardent mind, 'twas hard
" The dire extremes to fly:
" Thy ardent mind! that lov'd to store
" The deeds by Freedom done of yore.
* * * * * * *
" Oh! dark, dark, dark, the following days,
" Though lighted by the infuriate blaze
" Of Discord's direst torch;
" When the proud rabble, rais'd on high
" By all-confounding Anarchy,
" Had closed the holy porch;
" When Superstition, mean and low,
" Had dash'd the mitre from each brow!
" When growing crimes, and party rage,
" Bade brother against brother wage
" The bloody impious war;
" It was not then thy lofty song
" Could through the land its notes prolong;
" Or spread its influence far:
" Then, had it risen, the heavenly sound
" Had in the battle-yell been drown'd!
" Nor was it when, from foreign land,
" The Exiled Brothers' motley band,
" The bigot, the licentious, came;
" The one the slave of passions wild,
" The other Superstition's child,
" Both heedless of thy flame:
" They saw thee fallen, depress'd and low,
" And scorn'd the poet—in the foe!"

Such are Mr. Westall's sentiments respecting the burden of Milton's lamentation; and he must be allowed to have explained the meaning of that poet with considerable probability at least, and in a manner truly honourable to himself.

Before we take leave of Mr. Westall, impartiality urges us to notice some of those blemishes from which very few poetical compositions are generally exempt. We have, now and then, perceived in his poems lines which may well be called expletive ones; and, what we should not often have expected to

meet with in the productions of so correct a mind, his rhymes are frequently unmusical, sometimes inadmissible. Those passages which struck us as prominently excellent, while attentively perusing his "*Day in Spring and other* "*Poems*," we have denoted by displaying them in *italic letters*: we shall therefore, adopting the *same* method, so mark his deviations from perfection. As, however, we wish not to expatiate on this topic, we merely point out the following inadvertencies:—Page 13, *near* and *care*; *wood* and *road*, p. 14; *boughs* and *throws*, p. 28; *calm* and *alarm*, p. 54; *bears* and *tears*, p. 57; *fleet* and *great*, p. 74; *growl* and *soul*, p. 95; *sloth* and *wroth*, p. 109. Objection may likewise be taken to terminations copied from the Southeyan School; as,

"Then close their earthly suffer-*ings*,
"For death descends on angel wings."—p. 91.

And, again—

"That befel at sheep-shear-*ing*:
"While they talk, their young-ones bring,
"&c."—p. 18.

This volume is splendidly published. It is elegantly printed on costly paper; and the designs, *from the pencil of the author*, possess great merit, and are finely engraved.

Highly as he ranks in another department of the fine arts—if, indeed, poetry can be properly classed as an art—our author yet exclaims,

—— "The Muses oft shall come,
"Favouring kind my humble home.
* * * * * * *
"If my beating heart should store,
"But in part, the sacred lore;
"My weak numbers, form'd thereon,
"Still shall live—when I am gone!
"Fond thought!!"

"FOND THOUGHT!"—We would not either pamper presumption or alarm apprehension. Let Mr. Westall, however, not despond. His volume will find its way into the libraries of the intelligent and affluent; and, far from being confounded with the mob of poetasters and versifiers, he will obtain no ordinary niche in the Temple of the Minor Muse. His merit fully entitles him to this distinction, and his modesty does not seem to anticipate more.

Our Review of these Poems has been extended in proportion to the importance of the author's public character; and, while we have not overlooked their defects, we have honestly endeavoured, as far as our verdict can operate, to do ample justice to his deserts.

CORRUPTION AND INTOLERANCE. TWO POEMS, WITH NOTES.

ADDRESSED TO AN ENGLISHMAN BY AN IRISHMAN.

ONE great and efficient cause of *differences*, both in politics and religion, is that each party either *suspects* or *accuses* the other of sentiments which have never been expressly uttered, but merely deduced from implication; whilst in *this deduction*, as I am likely to be influenced both by fears and prejudices, no man acquainted with the human heart will suppose that I shall find a faithful picture of the principles of my opponents;—an accurate reflection cannot be expected from a distorted mirror.

This is one of the things which might be *lamented* in these days of querulous complaints, but I fear it is too much the nature of man, ever to be completely remedied; palliatives indeed might be applied, and a moderate man would feel happy to *recommend*, though it might savour too much of intolerance *to enforce*, even if it were possible, the old saw of "unity in things necessary, liberty in things "indifferent, and charity in all things." But it is unfortunate that even in the application of this accommodating sentiment, I shall meet with unconquerable difficulties *in limine*; for who among religious sects, or political parties, will agree in their definition of what is *necessary*, or of what is *indifferent*? This observation on my general disposition to *misrepresent* or to *misunderstand*, naturally arises from the party measures, on a late *difference* in the legislature, which one side *most certainly* took up as a political question only, but which the other by every means that could stimulate or mislead, endeavoured to represent as resulting from religious bigotry and intolerance. It was an old trick in the dogmatical disputations of *the schools*, to fix on your adversary, some untenable proposition, and either to entice him into a defence of it, or by the ingenuity of your own arguments, to induce the audience to believe that you were attacking *his* sentiments, and not a chimera of your own formation; where these means failed with the judicious, they were still certain of success, with the igno-

rant and unthinking, particularly when aided by the force of clamour, and the magic pencil of ridicule. That such means were taken to excite the "savage cry," as it was called, of "*No Popery*," I believe no moderate or cool thinking man will now deny; to disseminate this cry, and to excite indignation against it, could only be done in three ways—in speaking, printing, and in writing; now I will ask, where was this cry first heard of, but in the speeches of the opposition and their partisans? where was it first printed, but in the opposition newspapers; where was it first written, but in humble chalk on the dead walls of the metropolis, by those active and *learned* citizens, who were as likely to be hired by *one party* as by the other? Fortunately, however, for the internal peace of the empire, and for the preservation of the political benefits which must remain to us whilst we have a Protestant Church and a Protestant State, all this manœuvring failed in its design; and John Bull could not be persuaded that a prudent reservation of his own rights, and an adherence to the principles of the Revolution, were to be considered either as bigotry or intolerance. It was surely a puzzling thing to a plain-minded Englishman to be told that the principles which consituted *ancient Whigism* were now to be laid aside, and that to be a *true modern Whig*, he was to support principles in direct opposition to those which guided his ancestors: this paradox was also not the less enigmatical in coming from men who boasted of *their consistency*. It is not now indeed a time to enter deeply into this question, yet it is not irrelevant to call the attention of Englishmen to a comparison of those different states in Europe, which have professed the Catholic or Protestant religion; in the different states of Germany more particularly, and in the Cantons of Switzerland, was the extreme contrast to be seen; in the Protestant States were the utmost neatness, comfort, and industry; in the other, idleness, dirt, and beggary; and the transition was so rapid that the traveller, in crossing a rivulet was enabled to mark the distinction. This observation is not confined to the *Parent States* of Europe alone, but extends to those Colonies which have spread over the two opposite hemispheres; at the same time I would recommend it to the consideration of those who are in the habit of complaining that the *Irish Catholics are oppressed*. It is easy to persuade a man that he is miserable and unhappy, by repeatedly telling him so; but I know that the majority of the Catholics of Ireland, if asked for a list of their grievances could only enumerate tythes, rents, and taxes; and though *emancipation* is a high sounding word, yet it is well known that the only idea affixed to it by the lower classes in Ireland, was simply a relief from *these things* which they could see and feel; for the uneducated, uncultivated inhabitants of great part of that country, who had little communication with each other, and almost none with their more enlightened neighbours, could not be supposed to have any clear conception of abstract political rights.

Feeling as I do on this subject, it is needless to say that I differ *in toto* with the writer of the article before us; yet dissenting as I do from him in politics, and perhaps in religion, I must still give him due praise for the manly and spirited style in which he delivers his sentiments, and however erroneous I consider those sentiments to be, to *him* I must allow full credit for candour and sincerity in the promulgation of them.

The versification is good and often rises above the subject; the work itself is, however, merely a peg on which to hang the notes,—to this indeed I can make no objection as he *quotes precedent*, and thus humourously illustrates his claim:—"The practice which has lately been "introduced into literature, of writing very "long notes upon very indifferent verses, ap- "pears to me rather a happy invention; for "it supplies us with a mode of turning stupid "poetry to account; and as horses too dull for "the saddle may serve well enough to draw "lumber, so poems of this kind make excel- "lent beasts of burden, and will *bear notes*, "though they may not *bear reading*." He then, by a very allowable pun, applies the "Socratic dogma,"

"*Quod supra nos, nihil ad nos.*"

In his preface he attacks the Revolution, as inefficient to the preservation of the liberties of the subject, and as opening a door to despotic power, by substituting the influence arising from the disposal of a large revenue, in the room of the more open, though not less obnoxious exercise of *prerogative*: he also complains that William's Whig Parliament refused to extend to Ireland the principles on which the Revolution was founded. With respect to the former of these positions, the discussion of it would be too voluminous; with respect to the latter, *previous* to the passing of Poyning's Law, I believe that the *Protestant* part of Ireland never complained of having the principles of the Revolution withheld from

them, and without going into the merits of the subject, it is surely enough here to observe that it was impossible *then* to extend its principles to the *Catholics*. How far it may be applied to them *now*, is another question, and one of which the public has lately heard so much, that I shall dismiss it, with just observing, that to reason *generally* on the subject of *Ireland*, would lead to error, whilst there is such an extreme discordance between the Protestant and Catholic parts of it; and whatever reason the *Catholics* may have to complain, the *Protestants* since the repeal of that law, have always considered themselves as possessing equal rights with Great Britain. In this observation, I wish to be considered as speaking of Ireland, previous to the late unfortunate disturbances, and to the union.

In the notes, there is a considerable display of classical knowledge, of general and extensive reading, and some very happy turns of wit, and polished satire, which must amuse even those against whom they are directed; indeed, he spares neither party; it is easy to observe that he is no Whig, either *ancient* or *modern*, and he himself asserts that he is no Tory; nor can he well be accused of being of any party, for he allows no merit to any but Fox and Grattan, and whatever my opinion of *their* politics may be, I am not disposed to deny them the meed of praise for their virtues.

Of the versification I shall select one or two examples, and then close my observations.

" Not bolder truths of sacred freedom hung
" From Sidney's pen, or burn'd on Fox's
" tongue,
" Than upstart Whigs produce each market
" night;
" While yet their conscience as their purse is
" light;
" While debts at home excite their care for
" those
" Which, dire to tell, their much-lov'd country
" owes,
" And loud and upright, till their price be
" known,
" They thwart the King's supplies to raise
" their own—
" But bees, on flowers alighting, cease their
" hum;
" So, settling upon places, Whigs grow dumb!
" And, though I feel as if indignant Heaven
" Must think that wretch too foul to be for-
" given,
" Who basely hangs the bright, protecting shade
" Of freedom's ensign o'er Corruption's trade,
" And makes the sacred flag he dares to shew,
" His passport to the market of her foe!—
" Yet, yet, I own, so venerably dear
" Are Freedom's grave old anthems to my ear,
" That I enjoy them, though by rascals sung,
" And reverence Scripture even from Satan's
" tongue.
" Nay, when the Constitution has expir'd,
" I'll have such men, like Irish wakers, hir'd
" To sing old *Habeas Corpus* by its side,
" And ask in purchas'd ditties, " *Why it died?*"

The poem of Intolerance closes with the following elegant compliment to the memory of Fox:—

" Such was the spirit, grandly, gently bright,
" That fill'd, oh Fox! thy peaceful soul with
" light:
" While blandly spreading, like that orb of air
" Which folds our planet in its circling care,
" The mighty sphere of thy transparent mind,
" Embrac'd the world, and breath'd for all
" mankind!
" Last of the great, farewell!—yet *not* the last;
" Though Britain's sunshine hour with thee be
" past;
" *Ierne* still one gleam of glory gives,
" And feels but half thy loss, while Grattan
" lives." *C. K.*

THE SILLER GUN,

A POEM, IN FOUR CANTOS; WITH NOTES AND A GLOSSARY.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

THAT *ancient* poems, either English or Scotch, should require a glossary, is not surprising, yet there seems some incongruity in a poet of the *present day* publishing a work, to which he is obliged to tack some pages of explanation. If this were done merely through an affectation of using obsolete words, we should be disposed warmly to enter our caveat against it, particularly when coming from Mr. Mayne, with many of whose former fugitive productions in plain English we have been highly pleased; such, indeed, were our senti-

ments on reading the title-page, the perusal of this little work, however, which tells a *local tale* in all its native simplicity, has convinced us that beautiful as many of its passnges are, it would lose much of its force, if stripped of its Scottish dress.

To a native of Scotland, particularly of Dumfries, the scene of the shooting match among the Members of the Corporation for a prize of a "Silver Gun," this poem will be peculiarly acceptable, from the familiar simplicity of its language, and its accurate delineation of the sportive events of a country holiday, which, though they have nothing, indeed, to strike the imagination of a person unacqnainted with Scottish manners, or the localities of the environs of that town, will yet afford much pleasure to the *English* reader, who has a taste for the pastoral elegance of Burns, as several stanzas in this poem may be considered equal to any thing in the works of that interesting poet.

The preparations for the fete, in mending old cloaths, and rubbing up old guns, &c. are humorously delineated; indeed, when the train marches out to the field of action, one would suppose he was describing the old city train bands, or such as some parts of the American militia may be seen, even at the present day.

"And ne'er for uniform or air,
"Was sic a groupe review'd elsewhere!
"The short, the tall, fat fowk and spare;
"Side coats, and dockit;
"Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair;
"Round hats and cockit!"

The conversation of the old people, talking over *their* youthful days, is well delineated:

"Yet now and then, a silent tear,
"For friends departed, kindred dear,
"(Friends, wha were aye the foremost here)
"Bedew'd ilk cheek,
"Mair eloquent in grief sincere
"Than tongue can speak."

The juvenile recollections of the poet also, on his native place, are happily expressed:

"Sweet spot! how happy ha'e I been
"Seeking birds'-nests with eager e'en;
"Or pu'ing gowans on the green,
"Where waving corn,
"Blue-bells and roses, fringe the scene
"And flow'ring thorn."

In short we do not hesitate to recommend this little wreath, as deserving to be added to the garland of modern Scottish poetry, and feel confident that it will not fail of giving half an hour's amusement even to the most fastidious reader.

FINE ARTS.

No. V.

HERCULANEUM AND POMPEII.

IN all ages of the world the progress of man towards civilization, has been strongly marked with superstition; and in the same manner as it appears progressively through a chronological series, so may it now be easily seen and accurately distinguished in its several gradations, amongst the present inhabitants of the earth, according to their several advances towards refinement, from the savage wanderer of New Holland, to the more polished natives of the most powerful empires. The knowledge of the one God, and of his attributes, bestowed on our common father Adam, appears soon to have been lost to his numerous progeny, and confined only to a few of his descendants in a sequestered part of the world; and the writings of antiquity prove to us, that the modes of belief and of worship, were as various as the nations which adopted them; yet we may still trace a chronological connexion in the mythology of ancient times, which if the links of the chain were not in some places broken, would shew us incontestably that these several creeds proceeded from the first great revelation, though incumbered through a series of generations, by the reveries of the idle and ignorant, the policy of the priesthood, the absurd notions of many, and the superstitious fears of all.—With respect to the *major* mythology of the ancients, it is first to be found in its corrupted state amongst the Egyptians, though there is great reason to believe that the deities of Isis, Osyris, &c. were at first in the infancy of letters, nothing more than symbols of the attributes of the Deity, though afterwards decorated with an immense variety of fabulous qualities and adventures by the warm imagination of the Greeks, who in receiving their first

diments of literature from Phœnicia and Egypt, understood in a positive sense what had been delivered to them merely in an allegorical one. From the Egyptians we may easily trace it to the Chaldeans, Syrians, &c. whose many gods are particularly mentioned in the Holy Scriptures, though it may well be doubted whether the Chaldean mythology was not as ancient as that of the Egyptians. The whole track of Chaldea was evidently peopled, at or immediately after the confusion of tongues at Babel, and the first monarchy is generally believed to have been established there by Nimrod; and as the first traces of idolatry in all countries appear to have proceeded from a contemplation of the heavenly bodies, so we find, that as the Chaldeans were the earliest astronomers on record, in like manner their religion was founded on a belief of the influence of the sun, moon, and planets. It was in this country also that the worship of fire, as the symbol of the sun, to them the apparent vivifying principle, first commenced, since reduced to a settled Creed by Zoroaster, and remaining at the present day as the worship of the Gaurs, or as in India they are more commonly called, the Persees, who form a great part of the population, and are the most active and industrious members of the community. Whatever difference there was in the names of the greater deities as worshipped by the different nations, yet there was an extreme similarity in their several attributes, and in the specific modes of worship allotted to each, a similarity which can have proceeded but from two causes, either from their being handed from nation to nation, as emanating from one grand source, or else from some original principle in the human mind, prompting it to look up to a superior Power, and which, therefore, would shew itself with a general similarity in all nations, and at all times, though marked with peculiar varieties from surrounding circumstances, like the developement of any other general principle. It is not for us here, nor is it perhaps in the power of *any* to decide this question, as the result which we see now existing may proceed from either, or from both, and as the facts which may be adduced in favour of the one opinion, are by no means incompatible with the other. The late discoveries in the etymology and progress of language, and the comparisons of the Celtic and Scandinavian, with the more polished dialects of Greece and Rome, have indeed given additional proof to the first opinion so far as regards the names of the deities, and even the religion of the most savage tribes of the present day, appears to be derived from tradition, and bears a faint similarity to that of their nearest neighbours; yet this may still be admitted, though tradition may be only an efficient cause acting in unison with the general principle. Mankind, however, have not been content with the celestial deities, but have peopled earth, air, and water, with beings of an inferior class, thus forming a kind of *minor mythology*; a belief, however, not confined to the heathens alone, but operating even in all christian countries, and evidently proceeding from a superstitious fear in the human mind, co-operating with a belief of the immortality of the soul, and of the existence of spirit, independent of matter. Of this kind, are the fairies, elves, and other spirits, which *enliven* the winter's fire-side in the country, and have given animation to the poesy of some of our most interesting writers, who have not scrupled to avail themselves of the machinery presented to them in the popular superstitions of the times. There is something, to be sure, ludicrously incongruous in the rustic mythology of modern times; not so with the Romans, for in the most of their fables we find an elevated simplicity, that irresistibly pleases the mind, even when it fails to convince. The earth itself was considered by them as a species of divinity, and to each part of it they allotted peculiar deities; the woods were haunted by dryads, fauns, satyrs, and nymphs; on the mountains were the oreades; the fountains and rivers had their naiads, and the sea swarmed with tritons and nereids. Even their pastures and arable lands, their gardens, and their rustic abodes had their tutelar deities; beings, indeed, rather supposed to be of a *physical* than *material* nature, but still *embodied* by the vulgar, or *personified* by their most admired poets; as we find also at the present day, that both our allegorical and poetical writers avail themselves of this licence, personifying not only the different qualities of the human mind, but even the passions. Of the male part of this minor mythology, many were selected really from animated beings; from men who in those days of simplicity had distinguished themselves by superior powers, either in the introduction of useful arts, in the practice of agriculture, or in reducing the wilder animals under the dominion of man.

This mode of deification was not confined to the men alone, the ladies also had their share of it, and we presume our fair readers at the present day, would be highly offended, to be designated as any thing less than goddesses.

Among the ancients every female from the lady of high distinction to the simple rustic who had been engaged in any kind of romantic adventure was ranked among the nymphs; and if frequency of adventures gives a title to the name, we at the present day can surely boast as fine a collection of nymphs, as the most fertile ages of antiquity. Their poets also, (as ours indeed most faithfully imitate them) gave the name of nymph to every female of whom they wrote; and in the country of the *Atlantides*, or that wonderful island in the Atlantic, so often mentioned by ancient writers, we are gravely told by Diodorus, that *all* the females were nymphs, which undoubtedly can only apply to *this* happy island in the Atlantic Ocean. Another mode of the origin of those minor deities has been glanced at, and which certainly has operated, and continues also to operate at the present day. It is generally understood that the notion of future rewards and punishments as delineated by the poets in their descriptions of the Elysian fields, is not much older among the Greeks, than the time of Orpheus and Homer, and that previous to that period the belief was that the souls of the departed hovered over their tombs, or flitted through those rural shades, in which they had delighted during their lives, similar to the opinions of many of the rude inhabitants both of Africa and America at the present day. Under this belief, it was natural to affix a peculiar veneration to those places, and even to invoke the shades of those they loved, then flitting round them; to render them propitious, sacrifices, feasts, and votive garlands, might be introduced, and thus give birth to all the pageantry of the heathen mythology, both *major* and *minor*. From this also arose the custom of sacrificing under verdant trees; which was common to the nations of the north, as well as to those who lived in more genial regions, and from which the later ceremonies of our Druids seem to have been copied, and the whole of our more modern mythology, of Puck, Robin Goodfellow, and Milton's "lub-"hard fiend" evidently arise from the same general superstitions. The Romans were not only influenced by these opinions in their worship, but we also find from the discoveries in Herculaneum and Pompeii, that the decorations of their houses, and indeed their general taste was influenced by this belief; the majority of the paintings discovered are taken from the *minor mythology*, and represent most of the opinions connected with it, and amongst these paintings there are four, which in the opinion of the connoisseurs, possess a striking pre-eminence; we have therefore chosen one of these as the ornament for our present number, not only as highly illustrative of their taste, and of the state of the arts, but also as leading to the present disquisition, in the regular order of our analysis of ancient manners and classical researches.

This picture was found in digging in that part of the ruins which is under Portici, the ancient Retinæ, it is exquisitely coloured, and altogether done in their best manner; and our artist, by preserving the full force and spirit of the original, has enabled us to present the public with a complete *fac simile* of this interesting painting. The *tout ensemble* strongly marks the ideas of the ancients, on the subject of the Sylvan deities, both with respect to their usual haunts, and their manners; it represents a *Young Faun attempting to snatch a kiss from a Nymph, or juvenile Bacchante, who in the struggle has nearly fallen to the ground.* The remote and solitary place in which they meet, is descriptive of their frequenting the most retired spots, and the faun is in the ancient costume, as it was then supposed to be, with his curved pastoral staff, and the fistula, or shepherd's pipe. At the foot of the nymph, or young Bacchante, is a *thyrsis*, whose point is ornamented with ivy, and tied with a cherry-coloured ribband, her robe being of the same colour. There is also a cymbal or tambourine, ornamented with bells, and on the parchment is painted a cistrum, or ancient jingling instrument, with musical bars; and it appears that it was customary then as now, to hang round their cymbals, thin laminæ of sonorous metal, in order not only to diversify the tones, but also to regulate the movements of the dance.

The fauns, or satyrs, were rather a rude kind of sylvan deity, and ranged all over the woodlands and plains, they are supposed more particularly to have delighted in the vineyards, and in the fields where the vines sprung spontaneously, and are therefore generally represented as the attendants of Bacchus. Some of the poets made distinctions between the satyrs and fauns, however they seem of the same species, and to be nearly as wild as our modern baboons, which they pretty much resemble, and indeed from their horns and tails might be supposed beings of *another* nature. The ancients had many wonderful stories about them; we are told of one Euphemus, who sailing from Asia Minor, to the most distant parts of the ocean, discovered an island filled with them, which he called *Satyrida*, the inhabitants being

all covered with yellow hair, with tails as large as horses, and though they could not speak, yet they ran directly at the ladies who were along with the voyagers. St. Jerome also informs us that St. Anthony met with one of these gentlemen in the desarts of Africa, but as the Saint had no ladies with him, the satyr was civil, and asked him to dinner. Of the nymphs also, we have many surprizing tales; they were supposed to be the daughters of Oceanus and Tethys, and to be endued with great longevity, though not immortal; they delighted in springs and fountains, and sometimes had also a relish for the vineyards, when they became Bacchantes; they were much dreaded by the ancient rustics, who considered them as sleepless and mischievous, in the same style as our modern fairies are supposed to be. They were also thought susceptible of passion for mortals, and Apollonius Rhodius relates in his Argonautica, that the Argonauts having landed for refreshment on the shore of the Propontis, sent the boy Hylas for water to a neighbouring fountain, where the nymphs, Eunica, Malis, and Nycheia were preparing to dance; enamoured of the youth, they seized and dragged him into the fountain, by which he was lost to his companions. It was also part of the popular superstition, that the nymphs sometimes appeared to favoured mortals, by the side of fountains, or in caves sacred to these deities; such indeed was the piety of Archidamas, *that he furnished a retreat for the nymphs in his neighbourhood*, as some of our *pious* characters do at the present day; where they might find shade from the sun, and shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and even with provisions when necessary; a plan which we have no doubt, if more universally established, would be equally acceptable to the nymphs of the present day.

Having thus slightly analysed the ancient mythology, we shall in our next number revert to the delineation of ancient domestic manners illustrated by a highly descriptive plate.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SECRET LOVE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

TO me how dear this twilight hour,
Cheer'd by the faggot's varying blaze!
If this be mine, I ask no more
On Morn's refulgent light to gaze:
For now, while on his glowing cheek
I see the fire's red radiance fall,
The darkest sent I softly seek,
And gaze on *him*, unseen by all.

His folded arms, his studious brow,
His thoughtful eye, unmark'd, I see;
Nor could his voice or words bestow
So dear, so true a joy to me.
But he forgets that I am near—
Fame, future fame, in thought he seeks;
To him Ambition's paths appear,
And bright the sun of science breaks.

His heart with ardent hope is filled;
His prospects full of beauty bloom:
But oh! *my* heart despair has chill'd,
My only prospect is —— the tomb!
One only boon from heaven I claim,
And may it grant the fond desire!
That I may live to hear his fame,
And in that throb of joy *expire*

TO L——A.

AN INVITATION TO A NIGHT SCENE.

NOW trembling moon-beams smile, my Fair!
And silent sleeps the amber air,
And softness melts along the skies,
And clouds diffuse their silver dies—
Come then, my L——a! to the grove,
Which oft was witness to our love;
When thro' the trees the quivering beam
Would on our heaving bosoms gleam,
And give with heav'n's most soften'd light
Thy languid charms unto my sight,
And pour such softness thro' my soul,
As madness would almost controul;
And thou would'st blush, and I would press;
And thou would'st sigh, and I'd caress;
And thou would'st tremble with delight,
And I would catch the madd'ning sight;
And we each other's souls would sip;
O! breast to breast, and lip to lip;
And heart to heart, and face to face;
O! we would melt in clasp'd embrace.

O! come, my Fair! this is the hour
When love inspires his tenderest pow'r;
For love delights the breast to fill
With highest trance, when all is still;

All save the sigh that zephyr blows,
To whisper to the slumb'ring rose;
And save the wood-lark's thrilling throat,
And Philomel's wide waving note;
And save th' aerial lyres on high,
That stream soft warblings thro' the sky;
And breathe the ecstasy of love
On Amaranth beds of bliss above.

O! come, my Fair! this is the hour
When roses slumber thro' our bow'r,
And dew-drops on their languid charms,
Are spangled by light elfin arms;
And thro' the myrtles streams the beam
Of silv'ry moon-light from yon stream.

O! come, my Fair! and there repose
On the soft pillow of the rose;
O! come, and with thee bring that eye,
That swims in liquid luxury;
And with thee bring that cheek, whose dies
Seem from the slumb'ring rose to rise;
And with thee bring that lip, where Bliss
Fus'd all his soul in nectar'd kiss;
And bring that honey'd breath, that bears
The sweetness of Elysian airs;
And bring that lily lucent breast,
That flutt'ring throbs so wild when press'd.

O! come, and let us melting lie
Under the lilach canopy;
Where nought can see us, but the skies,
Which doubly light for thee their eyes;
That twinkling thro' the starry vault,
Seem to invite to tend'rest thought.

O! come, my Fair! now all is still,
Save that soft flushing bosom's thrill;
That swells beneath the moon-light beam,
Save the sweet murm'rings of th' stream;
That join the wood-lark's warbling lays,
Save Philomel's melodious maze;
Borne on the gale, that loves to tell
His whispers to the rose-bud bell;
And save those magic harps on high,
Whose strains soft steal along the sky;
And floating thro' the starry spheres,
In slumbers seal immortal ears.

O! come, my Fair! this is the hour
When Love and Bliss prepare the bow'r;
And there Love's vigils we will keep,
While other souls are sunk in sleep;
And drink of rapture 'till the sigh
Bliss steals to sleep in ectacy.—
Then come, my Fair!—O! seize the hour,
When Love and Bliss prepare the bow'r.

CAROLAN.

SONG.

ON THE NOBLE EXERTIONS OF THE SPANISH PATRIOTS IN DEFENCE OF THEIR LIBERTIES.

DESPONDENT and dark lour'd the prospect around,
As Ambition extended his chain—
But the spell that unfortunate Europe had bound,
Is dissolv'd by the virtue of Spain!

Hail! vision of Hope! unexpected and bright,
Amid slav'ry's cimmerian bloom—
Hail! star of Iberia! at whose happy light
Her lamp, Freedom yet shall relume.

Electric, thy brilliancy rouses the brave
While tyranny starts at the shock—
In vengeance, it flashes o'er mountain and wave,
In vengeance, from valley to rock!

Illustrious Iberia! Britannia surveys
Thy glorious exploits from afar;
And her hand, as her eyes in rapt sympathy gaze,
Is stretch'd forth to assist the just war.

The hills of green Erin, resound thy applause,
While the hearts of her gallant sons glow
To aid thy exertions in Liberty's cause,
And punish the fraud of the foe.

May thy noble example the nations incite,
That under the Corsican groan,
In rapid confed'racy thus to unite,
'Till the tyrant be hurl'd from his throne.

TEDDY M'FANE.

Potatoes now blossom, and gladness prevails,
The birds chaunt sweet love-songs throughout the green dales;
But dull as the owl, I sit sighing all day,
Oh! what lass can be merry, now Teddy's away?
Was it gold? No! not gold sure could force him to roam
He'd a grunter, a cow, aye and whisky at home;
And the love of all fair ones might well make him vain,
But dearest was Judy, to Teddy M'Fane.

I steal to his cabin blind Darby to see,
He cries, "arrah Judy!" our Ted's far from thee!
"He would go to England, his fortune to "make,
"With a hod, or in hay-field, och! 'twas for "thy sake!"

I snatch up the pipes, the dear pipes of my
Ted,
And kiss them and weep, for the music's all
fled;
Ne'er a lad in Kilkenny could finger a strain,
Or foot at a wake, like young Teddy M'Fane.

At morn, or at eve, when I milk their one cow,
I sing, "Cruel Teddy, come to me, boy! do.
"From your own red haired Judy, Och! how
"could you part?
"Some Countess will be after stealing your
"heart."
My old mother scolds in her corner all day,
Calls my cheeks white as linen; och! sure,
well she may!
They're bleached by my tears, like two spouts
in the rain,—
Arrah! blow ye winds, bring me back, Teddy
M'Fane!

THE EXILE,

A SONNET.

NEAR yon old tow'r, long tott'ring in decay,
Where prostrate columns plough the mouldy
steep,
Shaded by Ivy, from the scorching ray,
The melancholy Exile sits—to weep.

Who, whilst the screaming sea-bird o'er him
flies,
Wheeling its way to Gallia's distant shore;
Low mutt'ring views its flight with hollow eyes,
To happy scenes—doom'd ne'er to visit more!

Poor wanderer! thy sorrows soon shall cease,
From future ills, thee death alone can save;
Soon shall thy wounded spirit sink in peace,
Hush'd in the quiet slumber of the grave!
For ruin'd hopes, on earth, no cure is giv'n
The soul impatient seeks repose in Heav'n.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE managers of this theatre have at last made a second attempt at producing novelty, which, though as well received by the good-natured public as the former, is not entitled to greater praise from the critic. The first *novelty*, as it is emphatically called, was a *translation*, and the latter is an *imitation* from the French: so *original* is the *inventive* genius of our modern authors. The representation of the *Revenge* was a bold undertaking; for who but Mr. Winston, whose wisdom is shewn in all his works, would be so blind to the total incapacity of his tragic performers, as to think the excellence of *one* capable of glossing over their deficiency. Mr. Young is certainly a great actor, and equal to the part of *Zanga*, but the other characters were filled by men, who if they understood their respective speeches, had not the art of expressing them as though they did. It is the misfortune, not to say the folly, of the acting manager of this theatre, that he wishes to perform at small expence and by the humblest abilities, what cannot be effected without a liberal purse, and the assistance of great talents. If he be determined to spread a tragic feast before us, let him not only provide good viands, but skilful carvers to distribute them among us: and let him not rest satisfied with the acquisition of one only, whose superior dexterity cannot answer all our demands, and serves to render the total incapacity of the others more conspicuous. For it is a truth, easily to be ascertained in our age, that imbecility catches the attention of men more powerfully than genius. When therefore we witness the representation of a tragedy at the Haymarket, we are more disgusted at the ridiculous pomposity of a Carles, the awkward gestures and fireless delivery of a Palmer, and ill-timed smiles of a Thomson, than we can be pleased with the excellence of a Young.

On the latter gentleman's *Zanga* we will make a few observations. This character is the more difficult to perform, as its model is not to be found in our country. It is nature, but not English nature. It is a tropical plant which does not live in our climate, and [illegible] painting, which an artist must trust to the r[illegible] port of others, and the assistance of his imagination, instead of copying the distinct forms of present reality. The genius of the poet alone is able to depict faithfully the manners, the actions and passions of men in every quarter of the globe; because it is not born the slave of any country, but in the true sense of the word, a citizen of the mental world. Riding on the wing of inspiration it reaches a height from whence it descries the whole extent of the ma-

terial and intellectual creation. It then pourtrays what it *sees*, expresses what it *feels*, grasps at truth that cannot elude its search, and displays it to the view of succeeding generations in works that reap eternal fame. The bard who conceived the part of *Zanga* was no more an Englishman at the moment of composition; he had cast aside the habits, the very way of thinking of his native land, and was become one of those

——— "Superior beings,
"Souls made of fire, and children of the sun
"With whom revenge is virtue."

Mr. Young seemed to have caught the spirit of his author, and well conceived his part; but our execution does not always answer to our conception of things. He evidently perceived that cold blooded villainy, and its mean and prudently sluggish ways of acting were incompatible with the highly-spirited soul and fiery vengeance of a *Zanga*, yet throughout the first act his expression of revenge bore more resemblance to *Iago's*, than to that we should have expected from the son of a Moorish King.

In the second act he rose with the subject; his gestures became more appropriate; energy inspired his tongue, and genuine passion animated all his features. At the moment when a new plan dawns upon his mind, and he gathers from his wife every circumstance that could insure its success, all the strongly marked intricacies of thought, invention, doubt and hope, were easily traced on his countenance. His grin of inward satisfaction, when he had settled his measures, was dreadfully just, and the hypocrisy of his conduct equally far from meanness as affectation. During the interview which, through his management, takes place between the two rival friends, he displayed the powers of his skill to great advantage. His anxious watchfulness, the clouds of apprehension that now and then darkened his brow, the downcast look of despondency, suddenly brightening into fleeting exultation, and the desperate tone in which he urged his last decisive argument, "Then lose her," were seldom, if ever, surpassed. He stalked wrapt in the majesty of superior guilt, like the very angel of darkness, rejoicing, whilst he tempts his victims, at the punishments that awaits them.

In the scene that follows *Alonzo's* discovery of the forged letter, he was equally great; but his "indeed," made us see he was only comparatively so, as it awoke us to a sense of Mr. Kemble and Elliston's superiority, of which we had for a while lost sight. But seldom had we seen the joy of vengeance so well pictured as at the moment, when having convinced *Don Alonzo* of his wife's infidelity, and plunged him into despair, he exclaims:

"Groan on, and with the sound refresh my
"soul!"

His sudden transition to hypocritical kindness was as successfully expressed, and nothing could surpass the manner in which he delivered these lines:

"If you forgive, the world will call you good;
"If you forget, the world will call you wise;
"If you receive her to your grace again,
"The world will call you, very, very kind."

The following speech, in which he brings the example of the Greeks and Romans (with which, by the bye, it seems strange that a Moor should be so well acquainted) as an excitement to murder his wife, burst from his lips with a degree of enthusiastic energy well appropriate to an African Prince reduced into slavery, whose eyes delight in the sight of blood, and whose soul feasts on revenge. The same due regard to the dignified but cruel ideas of courage, which the Moors entertain, was visible in the scornful look and expression of disgust that pierced through the still hidden satisfaction of completing vengeance, when he pushed back his victim with this reproach:

"You will drown me with your tears!"

In the closing scenes, the pride and majesty of a monarch's son, mingled with exultation and darkened with guilt, were so well depicted, that the voice of criticism could only utter the accents of praise.

As to the other performers in *The Revenge*, *expressive* silence is the highest encomium to which they are entitled.

On the 29th of July, the second attempt at novelty was made. It consisted in a new Play, written by Mr. Colman, and entitled *The Africans; or, Love, War, and Duty*; the *dramatis personæ* were as follows:

Farulho (the Priest)..... ..Mr. Thompson.
Torribal.....Mr. Farley.
Madiboo.....Mr. Fawcett.
Selico..... .....Mr. Young.
Demba Sego Jalla (King of Kasson).....} Mr. Palmer, jun.
Daucari.....Mr. Carles.
Henry Augustus Mug.....Mr. Liston.
Fetterwell.....Mr. Grove.
Marrowbone.....Mr. Menage.
Berissa.....Mrs. Gibbs.

Darina.....Mrs. St. Leger.
Iulta.....Mrs. Liston.

Whoever will take up Florian, and read *Selico*, an African Tale, will have not only an exact account of the fable of this play, but a faithful copy of most of its best speeches, divested of the metre and harmony of blank verse. To those who are not acquainted with the French language, or the above-named author, we present the following outline of the plot of *The Africans*.

Three brothers, *Torribal*, *Madiboo*, and *Selico*, support their aged mother, *Darina*. The youngest is about to be married to *Berissa*, the Mahometan priest *Farulho's* daughter, and in consequence leaves the parental roof, with *Madiboo*, to seek and espouse his bride, at the neighbouring town where she dwells. Here, according to the fashion of modern authors, we find a British subject, who, if he do not proclaim the excellence of our constitution to the sons of the desart, at least entertains them with his cowardice and his songs. Cowardice in a Briton, is, we must allow, a novelty; and this play is not, therefore, totally devoid of originality, though it be not certainly of a nature to deserve praise. Whilst the marriage is celebrating, the Mandingoes, a neighbouring hostile nation, surprise the town, enslave or kill its inhabitants, and set fire to the houses. *Selico* tears himself, or rather is torn by his brother from the arms of his bride, to go to the relief of his mother and eldest brother, and the first act closes with the flight of the Foulahs, and the conflagration of their town by the conquering Mandingoes.

Five days elapse before the second rising of the curtain, and we then find that the three brothers have succeeded in snatching their mother from impending danger, and have sought a refuge in a neighbouring forest. On account of the vicinity of the foe, they are prevented from exploring the country round for food, and are on the point of perishing with hunger. *Selico* alone has penetrated as far as the ruins of the town, in search of *Berissa*, and her father, whose headless bodies he is enabled to recognize by their dress. He wanders despairing, till he is met by *Madiboo*, who directs him to his mother, and very opportunely falls in with *Henry Augustus Mug*, the Englishman already mentioned, who, on account of his prodigious learning, which consists in the arts of reading and writing, has been promoted by the victorious monarch to the post of his Secretary at War. This statesman carries a basket of provisions, which he willingly surrenders to *Madiboo*. This supply yields present relief to the unfortunate family; but as the enemy's camp remains fixed in their neighbourhood, in order to sell to English merchants the slaves they have made, and the rainy season approaches, no means of subsistence for the future is left, *Selico* proposes that his brothers should sell him, and with the gold support his mother. They vainly object, and are at last persuaded to put his plan into execution. *Madiboo* leads him to the camp, where *Fetterwell*, and other European merchants have repaired. On account of his colour, which is thought to announce weakness, a very low price is offered for him, and of course refused. At this moment a proclamation is issued promising four hundred ounces of gold to whomsoever should discover and secure a man who, during the night had entered the tent of his Majesty's favourite slave. *Selico* compels his brother to denounce him as the culprit, threatening in case he should refuse to deliver himself as such into the executioner's hands. *Madiboo* receives the promised reward and departs to seek his mother, who having learned from *Torribal* the cause of her two sons' absence, hurries from her retreat, and on her way to the camp meets *Madiboo* loaded with gold. He vainly attempts to prevent her from proceeding and at length follows her with his brother. The stakes and piles are ready, the king ascends his throne, and the female slave appears veiled. She is led to the stake, her veil is snatched away and *Selico* perceives *Berissa!* Jealousy stings his heart: she has received a man in her tent, but she loudly declares it was not *Selico*, yet will not betray the name of her nightly visitor. They are both chained; torches are brought to fire the pile, when *Farulho* bursts through the crowd, and exclaims, that he alone entered his daughter's tent, with the intention of freeing her. The king then interrogates *Selico* and learns the whole of his story, and we are informed that the cause of their being thought dead had been their changing clothes with two of their slaves, who perished; *Darina*, *Torribal* and *Madiboo* arrive and fall at the monarch's feet, who bids an English merchant say, how much he thinks a slave like *Selico* is worth.—"On account of his virtues, a thousand pieces "of gold."—"Well," returns the king, "I "give the thousand pieces of gold, not to pur-"chase, but to marry him with *Berissa*." Rejoicings ensue and the play closes.

Mr. Colman has undoubtedly a right, like our immortal Shakspeare, and most dramatic writers, to select the subject of his plays from

tales, either English or Foreign; and, as imitation, when it sinks below the level of its original, cannot win applause, to make as many improvements as he pleases. Conscious of this, and unwilling to forfeit his fame and be deemed inferior to Florian, he attentively perused the *Selico* composed by this author, and perceiving only *a few* inconsistencies, wisely resolved to increase their number. Finding also that the French writer probably through want of taste or deficiency of creative genius, had not introduced a single Parisian *badaut* (for we must make allowance for the difference of nations,) in his tale, he with equal wisdom and felicity of invention produced a London Cockney, *Mr. Mug*, an ivory turner from Snowhill, Holborn. But for what purpose he was sent to Africa (for that of gathering elephants' teeth, is only a wily pretence employed by the author to conceal a secret meaning) we have not yet been able clearly to ascertain. The advocates for the abolition of the Slave Trade, having read a description of this play in the Newspapers, (for a theatre, however little, is the seat of too much corruption to be honoured with their presence), declare that for the first time in their lives they can perceive something like morality in this drama, for that *Mr. Mug*, an Englishman, and what is in their opinion still more, a citizen of London, was undoubtedley sent to Africa, to teach the luxurious and remorseless class of beings to whom he belongs, the horrors of slavery. The opponents of these gentlemen, however, pretend that the sole cause for his losing his liberty was to reveal the pleasures or *advantages* of slavery; since it leads him, who had no right to ascend higher than the garret in which he used to live on Snowhill, to the elevated post of Prime Minister to a Mandingo Monarch. As for us we think, as it is common for critics to do, that all those who have treated this subject before us are in the wrong. *Mr. Mug* was certainly intended to repress the guilty swelling of our national and patriotic pride, by showing us an Englishman, a member of that community of which we form a part, and which we foolishly thought so polished that not only the center but the very edges of it were smooth and even, sinking abroad into a coward, and surpassed in every point of view, by the most unenlightened natives and slaves of Africa. This character, however, was so well supported by Mr. Liston, who we must allow, as he modestly tells us himself, in the words of his author, "is endowed with very great natural parts," that it formed the highest attraction of the piece; which, if it detract from Mr. Colman's literary fame, will certainly add to that of the above named excellent actor.

Notwithstanding its faults and inconsistencies, this play, as a melo-drama, towers far superior to the half French and half German nonsense with which our stage for several years has been infested. It contains many passages fraught with the genuine spirit of poetry, some sparkling with humour; and was so well acted by all the performers, the *laughing* Mrs. St. Leger, and Mr. Thompson excepted, who will not perhaps smile at the truth of this remark, that to scrutinize their individual exertions would disappoint and consequently displease the *good natured* public, as they would afford only matter for praise.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF AUGUST, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

SPAIN.—The expectations of the most sanguine have been surpassed by the events of the last month, by the gallant and simultaneous efforts of a whole nation, in the cause of rational liberty and independence. It was some weeks ago a matter of regret, that the French troops had been permitted, unmolested, though under the mask of friendship, to occupy the greatest part of Spain, and many of the friends of that devoted country, lamented that they had not roused their energies to oppose the invaders.—We now see, however, by the event, that the very thing so much lamented, was the cause of their late glorious triumphs; had Spain opposed the aggression of France in the first instance, when her force was concentrated, resistance, though it would have been gallant, would have been in vain, whilst by yielding at first until the enemy's troops were scattered over the country, an opportunity of attacking them contrary to their own mode of hostilities was offered, which has clearly shewn that the invader has been foiled at his own weapons, as his troops were forced to *defend* themselves in detail, instead of being allowed to attack at

a given point with their whole force, a manœuvre to which France owes the greatest part of her victories. These circumstances are the more worthy of notice, because the conduct of Spain does not seem the effect of any preconcerted plan, but to have arisen out of the circumstances of the moment; indeed, the universal rising, as if with one mind, is a thing which we can only refer to an overruling Providence, without being able to trace the intermediate chain of second causes. The enthusiasm of patriotism seems general. The French troops have been every where defeated; indeed the defence of Saragossa, had it happened in the days of Grecian and of Roman warfare, would of itself have immortalized the country where it happened. Here we see a large and well disciplined force, with heavy artillery and a large number of cavalry, attack an almost defenceless town, garrisoned only by its own peaceable inhabitants, who not only drove the enemy from their gates, but even pursued and totally destroyed them. The attack on Valencia was equally honourable to the Patriots, and the last accounts from that part of Spain agree exactly with the first advices, and confirm the total defeat of General Moncey, by which the south-eastern parts of Spain are completely cleared of the enemy. Notwithstanding the gallantry and enthusiasm of the patriotic troops, it is fortunate that the generals have had sufficient coolness and resolution to adopt the Fabian system, the advantages of which have been clearly shewn in the defeat of General Dupont, at Andujar; by the well-concerted plans of Castanos, he was so completely surrounded as not only to be deprived of the means of foraging, but also cut off from a junction with a body of troops under the command of General Wedel, sent to co-operate with him in his retreat to Madrid. It appears, that on the 19th of July, at two in the morning, the French commenced a retreat from their strong position at Andujar, and took the road to Baylen, and the corps under General Reding came up with them about three, and brought them to action, engaging them until three in the afternoon, when the advanced corps of Castano's army also came up, but had scarcely opened their fire when Dupont made proposals to surrender. A short truce was agreed on, and in the interim the French, under General Wedel, with their accustomed treachery, commenced an attack on the Spaniards, in which, however, they were repulsed, and by nine in the evening both divisions of Dupont and Wedel, amounting to upwards of 14,000 rank and file, had surrendered to the Patriots, more than one half of whose force, though amounting to 25,000 men, were merely half-armed undisciplined peasants. In the action, the French had nearly 3000 killed and wounded, and the loss of the Spaniards had also been pretty considerable. All Europe had been informed of the route of Joseph Bonaparte to Madrid, and of his arrival there: no sooner, however, had the intelligence reached him of Dupont's defeat, than he thought proper to make a hasty retreat in the night, after having plundered the churches, the banks, &c. of every thing valuable. Previous to this retreat, they spiked all the cannon, which they could not carry with them, and destroyed all the ammunition: such indeed was the rapidity of their flight, and so little hopes had they of returning, that all the Spanish ministers who had acted under Joseph, and even the Frenchmen who had been long settled at Madrid, thought proper also to join them in their march, being unwilling to trust themselves to the fury of an enraged populace. The troops in the northern parts of Spain are all in motion to intercept the fugitives, and it is hoped that our next advices will shew that there is not a single Frenchman left in arms throughout the Spanish territory.

PORTUGAL.—The glorious example of Spain has excited the Portuguese to emulate the patriotism of their own ancestors, who under the first of the Braganzas freed their country from a foreign yoke. All the detached parties of the French have been either taken prisoners or driven in upon the main body of the army, who, under Junot, occupy no more than Lisbon and its surrounding forts. The force under Sir Arthur Wellesley has already made good a landing to the northward of Lisbon, and being joined by the troops commanded by General Spencer, will be enabled to commence hostilities, even before the arrival of the other divisions which are proceeding to their assistance. The position of Junot will certainly enable him to make a defence, but it must be an unavailing one, cut off as he is from all communication with France, by the success of the Spanish Patriots. So little indeed will defence avail him, that even whilst this sheet is at the press, we may expect that intelligence of his surrender is on its way. The Russian fleet of course must also fall into our power, which of itself is an object of consequence, though the *ships* can be of but little value to us, who have now a navy *more* numerous than the sum total of all the European powers.

AUSTRIA.—In the hostility which Austria

has been obliged to declare against England, it was impossible to be sincere; we are therefore sanguine in our hopes of her eyes being open to her own danger, and hail with pleasure the military demonstrations she is now making, as every thing which can occupy the attention of the usurper on that side must be favourable to the Spanish cause. If we are to believe the various reports, a most favourable change has taken place in party politics at Vienna, by which the Arch-Duke Charles has regained the control and regulation of the army, an army once more on a respectable footing, and we hope perfectly disposed to meet the French again in the field, particularly as every means will be taken to convince them that the French are no longer the invincibles they have been thought, but have even been cut in pieces by an undisciplined, yet enthusiastic peasantry.—Many reports are flying about of the recall of ambassadors, and of Austria having required Bonaparte to evacuate the Prussian provinces: however this may be, we have no doubt that the recent conduct of France to Spain and to the Pope, will impel the Emperor Francis to recommence hostilities against the tyrant of Europe.

Russia.—The recent conduct of Alexander has been so contrary to what might have been expected from a high-spirited monarch, that we cannot indulge ourselves in any very flattering dreams of his future regard to the welfare of Europe; yet when we consider the very languid manner in which he has lately carried on the war against Sweden, and advert to the fact of the Russian troops drawing to the southward, under the ostensible pretence of hostility to Austria, we cannot help looking forward to a favourable change in the politics in the Court of Petersburg. His fleet in the Tagus must by this time be in possession of the British squadron, and if any thing could produce a speedy determination in his vacillating councils, it is most likely that a restoration of that fleet to him would have the effect. We want not the ships, and the prize-money they would yield to our troops and seamen will be too trifling to be of individual consideration. Should, therefore, our ministry adopt the magnanimous resolution of returning them when captured, it must undoubtedly have a powerful effect on all parties in Russia, and would enable those who are our friends to support our cause and the cause of Europe with more energy, and would form a powerful contrast to the conduct of France. This restitution should be as a gift, not as a compromise, and should be specifically understood to have no connection whatever with the case of Denmark.

Sweden.—There is a great mystery at present respecting our connection with that country, though the public attention has been so much occupied of late with the affairs of Spain, that little notice has been taken of the affair between Sir John Moore and his Swedish Majesty, and of the consequent return of our expedition. The subject indeed is a delicate one, but it is evident that the ministry are satisfied with Sir John's conduct; the business is therefore the less to be regretted, as Sweden is now no longer in danger from *foreign attack*. On the side of Norway, every thing is tranquil; and in Finland the Swedes under Klingspor have been uniformly successful; in particular, the last Gottenburg mails give a detail of a very spirited action, in which General Adlercreutz, with a force of 3000 men, defeated 6000 Russians, taking 500 prisoners. The Russians were strongly posted in a village, but the Swedes attacking them on three points, forced them to give way after a sharp conflict.—The King of Sweden is now with his army in Finland, but the projected interview with the Russian emperor has not yet taken place.

Italy.—The events of the present day seem likely to verify the ancient adage, "*Quem "Deus vult perdere prius dementat*," for certainly nothing but the most unguarded caprice could have urged *the King of Italy* to destroy the power of the Pope as a temporal Prince, that very Pope whose holy benediction was thought necessary to grace the assumption of the Imperial and the Iron Crowns. In many of his proceedings Napoleon seemed anxious, even with a childish vanity, to imitate, though not to emulate his predecessor, Charlemagne; this imitation he has carried even to the revival of some of those dignities which Charlemagne *confirmed* to the then possessors, yet from some unaccountable whim, or mistaken policy, he has gone diametrically opposite to his conduct respecting the papal temporalities. He must now indeed be aware that this new attack on the Pope, has operated powerfully against him in the minds of the Spaniards, and must even affect public opinion in the Catholic States of Germany, particularly when the correspondence on that subject, between His Holiness's Secretary, and the French *Charge d'Affairs* comes to be generally known. From this it appears, that the Roman troops have been incorporated with the French; that the French have usurped the municipal government, have

taken possession of the printing presses, and have even banished the most favoured cardinals. Napoleon has also called on the venerable old man to declare war against England, which he has refused to do! *France is therefore at war with Rome.*

AMERICA.—Our connections with the western world still remain in the same unsettled state; the embargo and non-importation acts continue, and yet scarcely any notice of them is taken in this country, nor do they seem to have any permanent effect even in exciting alarm among our manufacturers. It is to be hoped, however, that the new turn of affairs in Europe will have some effect on the American Councils, though as yet they have not had time to operate. From the last accounts it appears that the new elections have been much in favour of the federalists, who, whatever their sentiments may be towards this country, are certainly *not* the friends of France. When the last vessel sailed (which has brought dispatches for the American minister) the government had been informed of the new Bayonne decree, directed against Americans, under certain circumstances; they had also heard of the early attempt in Spain to shake off the French yoke; nothing, however, can as yet be expected from the charge on this side of the water. Some of the letters augur favourably of affairs, from our ambassador having been to Washington, supposing that he might have had new instructions; others dwell much on their hopes of Mr. Rose's return, and all parties seem to feel the effects of the embargo—produce, from the want of a market, is still at a low price, and the government pursues rigorous measures to enforce their decree; indeed they even went so far as to refuse an application for leave to send flour to our settlement at Trinidad, where the inhabitants were starving, in consequence of the fire which destroyed Puerto d'Espagna; yet notwithstanding their rigour the law is every day broken, great quantities of produce being smuggled into our northern colonies, besides what is carried to the West Indies, by small vessels which sail after clearing out coastways. A long acquiescence under the present regulations is not to be expected from the Americans, the greatest part of whom on the coast depend even for their very existence on a foreign trade, and as the government must by this time see that *we can do without them*, we may fairly expect that the next accounts will be more favourable to the mutual interests of both countries.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The public attention seems completely absorbed in the contemplation of the gallant progress of the Spanish Patriots, and every thing is done on the part of our government to aid the glorious cause. A large army is already landed in Portugal, under Sir Arthur Wellesley, and considerable detachments are following to form a junction. A distinct expedition, distinct in its object, and undoubtedly important from its magnitude, is also forming with the greatest promptitude; it would be premature to reason on its destination, but from the great quantity of artillery and stores that are preparing it is supposed that a diversion of some importance to the general cause is intended. Our army never was in higher spirits, nor in higher order; an almost universal wish for foreign service has prompted many of the militia regiments to volunteer; and many of our volunteer corps, by exchanging their duty for that of local militia, have not only rendered it unnecessary immediately to enforce the local Militia Act, but have also enabled the Secretary at War to acquaint the commanders of the different corps, that from the great proportion of volunteers which have transferred their services to the local militia, and which have also been assembled on permanent duty in the course of the present year, it is not his Majesty's intention to call out any volunteer corps under these circumstances until next spring. This determination will be particularly beneficial towards getting in the harvest, for which purpose also a proportion of the troops of the line, as well as the militia will have the usual furloughs.

The navy is also in the highest state of improvement and discipline, though from the present turn of affairs they have little to do, but look on as spectators of the contest; the active part taken by the different officers on the coast of Spain and Portugal, in furnishing arms and ammunition where wanted, and in affording facilities for a communication between the mother countries and their colonies, has, however, been of great service to the common cause, and will shew to the different maritime powers of Europe that our seamen are as happy to meet them *as friends*, as ever they were anxious to meet them *when enemies*. Our internal situation is flattering in the extreme, our Stocks still keep up, and our harvests have every where a promising appearance, particularly since the genial rains which followed the intense heat of last month. We may un-

doubtedly assert that the weather never was hotter in this country than during a few days when the thermometer was up at 96 in the shade, yet it does not appear that the general health has suffered by it in the slightest degree. In Scotland the harvest is as promising as at home, and in Ireland also; indeed we are happy to observe the general comfort and general tranquillity which seems to pervade our sister island, as the late assizes have in general been maiden ones, even in those counties which have till lately been most unsettled. Our West India colonies are still in a flourishing state, notwithstanding that the Continent has so long been shut to their produce, nor do they suffer by the American embargo so much as might have been expected; we are happy to see that the Distillation Bill has been of some benefit to them, without hurting our own agricultural interest; indeed we think there is very little danger of the poor man's loaf being *too cheap*. The arrival of an East India fleet, has brought the most agreeable news of general tranquillity in that quarter, though it is asserted that French intrigues have prevailed on the Sophi of Persia to cede two of his ports to Napoleon. Means have, however, been taken to prevent communication between these ports and the Isle of France, and the Arabian Gulph is completely under the command and controul of our cruizers, so that little apprehension need be entertained on French designs in that quarter.

BIRTHS.

At Westerham, Kent, the lady of W. Cumberland, Esq. Captain of his Majesty's ship Stately, of a son.

The lady of Lord Viscount Anson, at his house in Arlington-street, of twin sons, one of which was still-born.

The lady of Doctor Blackstone, at his house in Woodstock, Oxfordshire, of a daughter.

At Edingburgh, Viscountess Marsham, of a son and heir.

On the 20th inst. at his house in Chester-street, Grovesnor-place, the lady of the Hon. W. H. Gardner, of a daughter.

At the Earl of Tankerville's, Privy-garden, Lady Ossulston, of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Mary-le-bone church, the Rev. Blackley Cooper, of Yetminster, Dorset, to Miss Bacon, niece of Lady Stanton, Devonshire-street, Portland-place.

At Bristol, F. Barnes, Student of Christ-Church, Oxford, to Miss Coulson, eldest daughter of the late —— Coulson, Esq. Bristol.

At Little Thurlow, Suffolk, Sir John C. Honeywood, Bart. to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir W. H. Cooper, Bart.

At Stratfield Lodge, G. E. Beauchamp Proctor, Esq. second son of Sir T. B. Proctor. Bt. of Langley Park, to Ellen, daughter of R. W. Halhead, Esq. of the Priory, Berks.

In Dublin, Viscount Lismore, to Lady Eleanor Butler, sister of the Earl of Ormond.

At Douglass, in the Isle of Man, Will Scott, Esq. Receiver General, to Charlotte, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. Lord Henry Murray, and niece to the Duke of Athol.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir C. M. Burrel, Bart. to Lady —— Windham, eldest daughter of the Earl of Egremont.

DEATHS.

At her seat at Groves, near Staple, Lady Lynch, relict of Sir W. Lynch, K. B.

At Edinburgh, aged 56, Henry W. Tytler, M. D. well known in the literary world.

At Petersburgh, aged 18 months, her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Alexandrina.

At Durham, General Montgomery Agnew, Governor of Carlisle, aged 78.

In the Isle of Man, aged 63, Vicar-General Christian, one of the Ecclesiastical Judges of that Diocese.

In Dublin, the Right Hon. the Earl of Clanricarde, General in the army and Colonel of the 66th.

Lady Diana Beauclerc, relict of the Hon. Topham Beauclerc, and sister to the Duke of Marlborough and Dowager Lady Pembroke.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, Lieut.-General Churchill.

At her house near Ellesmere, the Right Hon. Dowager Lady Kenyon, relict of the late Lord Chief Justice Kenyon.

The lady of Sir Charles W. Rous Boughton, Bart. of Rouselench, in Warwickshire.

Lately at Cheltenham, in his 24th year, Capt. G. B. Whinyates, of the royal navy, nephew of Sir T. Frankland, Bart.

At Bognor, Lieut.-Col. Onslow, of the Coldstream, son of Admiral Sir R. Onslow, Bart.

At Southcot House, near Reading, aged 86, Le Comte d'Hector, father of the French navy, under the old regime.

LE BEAU MONDE.

MODERN RETIREMENT, WATERING PLACES, &c.

THE enlivening beams of a summer sun have now put all nature, animate and inanimate, in motion; fashion is again upon the wing, and the gay metropolis is deserted. The gay and the grave, the young and the old, the busy and the idle, people of fashion, and people of no fashion, are flying off in all directions, like the bright sparks from a *knife-grinder's wheel*, brilliant, indeed, on their first eccentric departure, but soon extinguished in the reservoir, or *watering place!* where all that is *left* to them, is to return to their narrow lanes and forsaken counters, with their purses *empty*, and their heads *full* of nonsense and frivolity. From the enthusiastic fervour with which so many thousands push down *to the water*, a stranger would suppose them to be Mahometans who had *lost their cast*, and were therefore obliged to perform their *ablutions* before they could be re-admitted among the faithful; were he to see them, indeed, when arrived at these *marine hospitals*, he could only suppose that *canine madness* had become as prevalent as *vaccination*, with this difference only, that although many might rush to the sea to seek a cure for the former, yet the incipient prognostics of the latter, such as budding horns, &c. might be dated by the sober cit, from the time when his deary first emigrated to those whirlpools of fashion. "Really my dear," says the jolly dame, "it is time to take a little pleasure now, "I am sure we have had none since we were "married." Silence on the part of Benedict, is construed into consent; away run Madam and Miss to their band-boxes, whilst the *happy* husband trots to his banker's, well knowing that it is impossible for the flying squadrons to take the field, without the necessary subsidies. Fashion and fancy are now pressed into the service, to decorate the groupe, whilst economy and profusion, like the buckets in a well, are alternately predominant. At length the bustling morning arrives, Madam and Miss, and Master Jacky, and the doll, and the lap-dog, and the good man, are all embarked at Billingsgate's gay shore, on board the hoy, which, like Noah's Ark, is crammed with Jew and Christian, the clean and the unclean, two and two. In awful majesty, Madam takes her seat, whilst the *maiden sister*, who is left in charge of the house, reiterates her fond adieus, "Good bye, "and God bless you; and have you got the "ham, and the cheese, and the chicken, and the "tongue, and the *cordial*, and the"——Aye! there they are all safe on board; a prosperous voyage to you all, and God send you a safe deliverance!—A stiff breeze and a strong ebb soon waft them along the banks of old father Thames, whilst the knowing Cockney, who had heard that France might be seen from the coast, most *geographically* points to the ships at the Nore, and enquires if *that* is not the Boulogne flotilla. "They who go to sea in *ships* "will see the wonders of the deep," but they who go *to sea in hoys*, may see ten thousand wonders which King David, or even King Solomon in all his wisdom and glory, could never have dreamt of; but the happy moment arrives, and the hoy hauls round the Pier end, where all Margate, aye and half London, are assembled to look at the new comers. If 'twas like Noah's Ark on the passage, we may now compare it to the tower of Babel; the flapping of the sails, the blustering of the sailors, the rattling of trunks, and the clattering of tongues, form a motley scene of confusion.—"Hand up "my dressing case—pray take care of my new "bonnet—give me *the bottle*—have you got the "basket, and the box, and the bag, and the "umbrella.—Pray take care of the lady—mind "how you tread the plank, Madam.—There! "you are safely landed, and welcome to Mar-"gate; and how do you do, and how is Jack, "and Dick, and Tom, and Bill, and Miss "Sally, and Miss Dinah, and Miss Molly, and "Miss ——," "Lord be praised, all purely, all the better of the *water!*"—*Ainsi va le Monde!*—and such are the delights which the citizen finds in his retreat from the din of the city to *country retirement!*

There seems an universal attachment in all men, for the charms of country retirement; indeed, we believe it will be allowed that the pleasures arising from rural scenery, and from rustic occupations, are the most natural to the human mind. From early association the very word *country* conveys the ideas of health, innocence, peace and contentment, and so strong is the impression even on those, who from the confinement of a town life have never yet experienced them, that 'tis impossible to destroy the connection. Like many other *prospects*,

however, they charm most at a distance, and those who have languished most for them, are often the first to be seized with *ennui* and disgust, particularly if debarred of the enjoyment of them, till that period in life when the habits become fixed, and the mind has acquired a certain bias. The word *retirement*, however, has now completely lost its original signification; the time was, (when the seasons kept their regular places in the almanack, and winter was over, *rather before* the birth-day) that in the early part of the summer, the peer, the knight of the shire, and the country gentleman of moderate fortune, left the metropolis to return to their estates, to promote their political interest amongst their friends in the country, to superintend the improvements of their lands, and the comforts of their tenantry, to encourage industry, to promote conviviality, and to enliven the ancient halls, and gloomy towers of their forefathers; but now when the country gentleman leaves town, 'tis for Brighton or Newmarket, or if he turns a thought upon agriculture, it evaporates at a sheep-shearing or at a ploughing-match on any body's estate but his own. In these scenes of *modern* improvement, we see the descendant of the ancient haughty baron, mixing with graziers, gamblers, jews, and jockies; we see the lord of vast domains, the proprietor of castles which stand nearly upon as much ground as the paltry fishing village he inhabits, cooped up in apartments, which at home he would hardly think large enough for his pointers, and for what? why to be stared at by those, who inhabiting one end of the town, have a wonderful deference for those who live at the other, and who come to Brighton or Bath, in order to make *both ends meet*, in one way at least; happy if they can jostle a countess, or trip down a crowded ball-room in a mob of peers and baronets. The country itself too is altered, notwithstanding all the rural delights sung by our pastoral poets; we no longer meet with native simplicity as formerly, though the mere cit expects to find it as soon as he escapes from the smoke of London; were we to trust to the poets, indeed, we should expect to find vice and folly diminish as the numbers increase on the mile stones, and be able to discover rustic innocence behind every hedge and hay-cock. But 'tis not *here* that we are now to look for the interesting shepherd, or the downcast Phillis; London is gone into the country, and the country has come up so often to London, that the only difference is the awkwardness with which London cloaths, and London vices, sit upon the unpolished bumpkin. Notwithstanding all this is known, yet such is the force of habit, that we cannot readily lay aside antiquated notions of rustic manners, but imagine that we must still meet with the simplicity of the pastoral arcadia. Whether the manners of the country were less vicious, when they were in greater simplicity, is a question, perhaps, difficult to decide, but they certainly were less barefaced; and it is most certainly to the frequent and speedy intercourse between the country and town, that this rapid change is to be traced. Every summer tourist who starts off for the Land's End, or the Lakes, nay every *commercial* traveller with whom the country is swarming, leaves some small portion of *London manners* in each retired village, whilst every rustic who can spare time from the plough for a trip of two hundred miles on the top of a coach, returns to the country a *polished beau*, not to mention the *wonderful* improvements issuing from that school of manners the militia. About a century ago, when our roads were almost impassable, and when the family coach was fitted out as if for a pilgrimage to the Holy Land; this rapid intercourse was unknown; but now, from the improvements in our turnpike roads, a communication is opened like enchantments, and the rustic *beaux* and *belles* are conveyed, as if by a wish, to the emporium of folly and fashion. The result of this easy communication is certainly productive of much good along with its unavoidable evils, but it has produced such a sameness, as to have done away with much of what was formerly called *character*, but would now be reckoned *caricature*. The provincial cities, and even the market towns, seem all formed into metropolitan miniatures, with all its luxuries, its amusements, and its splendour, the varieties of fashion are rapidly imitated, the rout, the ball, and all the *et ceteras* of high life are adopted in the village, as in the fashionable watering place. Here, therefore, there is no retirement, nay 'tis even banished from the Sunday villa, the peaceful retreat, after a bustling week; the gravel walk bordered with trim rows of box, the serpentine canal like a city gutler, after a shower, the well-clipped yew tree, and the painted mercury, are all alike exposed to the gazing passenger, whilst the owner of the mansion sits at his parlour window counting the stage coaches, or plants himself on his rustic bench, to inhale the balmy dust dashed up by a thousand whiskeys, gigs, and bankrupt carts.—Here, therefore, there is no retirement, but *this* is the country!

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

BON TON CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter III.

Dear Ned, *Brighton, August* 20.

I was highly entertained with the *picturesque* manner in which you sketched the *picturesque* groupe, with whom I was fated to climb Snowdon's cloudy cap, and to ring the changes of wood, hill and water, dale and wood, midst the wild scenery of Keswick and Buttermere; by the way, the *Maid* of Buttermere, who, for some months, was neither maid, wife, nor widow, has taken to herself a mate, and the poor girl has at last a rational chance of happiness. Should you, however, venture, in the shooting season, to fly off at a tangent from your party on the Moors, to *picturesque* it among the Fells, you will still find maids enough left, aye, and handsome ones too, only recollect, *Ned*, that they are not game, or if they are, that you have no right to trespass on the preserves. I might at this moment have been climbing some rugged mountain, or, perhaps, been seated on Helvyllyn's saddle, had not *business* called me from my country cousins, and a pretty business it was too, to come to Brighton, and lose my money; a lucky letter arrived, "sorry to part so soon, from such "charming society," but, &c. &c.—and so *me voici* enjoying retirement *on the Steyne.* Whilst dashing into this gay resort, in my post-chariot and four, I almost thought myself alongside of Old Slawkenbergius, on his entry into Strasburgh, for men, women, and children, ladies, beaux, and jackasses, were all assembled. "That's him," cries one: "No—'tis "only the colonel," exclaims another. "Is "he coming?" vociferates a third; and thus had I to run the gauntlet, till the Govenor of the Castle informed me that I was supposed to be a forerunner of the Prince!—And a forrunner I was, sure enough, for soon after he arrived; then it was, "have you seen him?" "Oh, yes, I have seen him, and never saw "him look better." "Dear me! I wish *I* "had seen him; but aunt Nell was so crusty, "I was obliged to finish the new novel."—"And I was at market"—"and I was in the "water! oh dear! oh dear!" In short, my good friend, nothing but the prospect of seeing him on the race ground, could have satisfied the *curious* folks of Brighton. The sports of the approaching day had assembled all knowing and unknowing ones on the Steyne, and betting ran high on the favourite; Vandyke was the hero of the day, and much was done, and *many were done* at 5 to 4 the field against him. At the usual hour we all scampered to the race ground after the Prince, midst a crowd of rank, fashion, beauty and elegance; the equipages were numerous and splendid, and the *tout ensemble*, on *this side* of the channel, formed a curious contrast with the *army of England* on the opposite.

The first sweepstakes of two hundred, was won easily by Mr. Fermor's Cerberus; then came on the dashing Pavilion stakes; Vandyke still was the favourite; but a noble Peer, either from good luck, or sound judgment, took the field against him, and is supposed to have netted a snug twelve thousand. As a connoisseur I always preferred *Vandyke* to *Rubens*, and did not hesitate now to *back my opinion*; you may judge, however, of the many rueful countenances when Rubens came in by half a length, Vandyke straining after him, and Lord Egremont's bay colt at his heels. The next race was for the silver cup, which Sassenagh won by half a neck, beating Lord Egremont's bay filly, and the Duke of York's Tim; this was a well contested race, as all the time they were on the push you might have covered them with a sheet. After the races we had a large dinner party at the Pavillion, when his Highness, as usual, made all happy around him. We dined in the banquetting gallery, but afterwards removed to the Egyptian gallery, where we could better enjoy the effects of the illuminations and of the music, which played for some time to amuse the immense crowd on the Steyne. The next day was even more crowded, all the ton from the neighbouring watering places being assembled; and having learnt a little caution from the events of yesterday, I was a cool spectator of the disappointed spectators on the Petworth stakes. As the Duke of York's Tim, though beat by Sassenagh yesterday, was still a favourite with some, there was much cross betting, and the event shewed their judgment, as Tim won by his bottom en-

tirely. 'Twas a close heat, Sassenagh coming in second. On the Somerset stakes the knowing ones were again the wrong side of the post, Meteora being the winner, Bob Booty coming in second, and Canopus, the favourite, being third on the list. The remaining days gave us some good sport, particularly for the Prince's gold cup on Friday, when Meteora again won, beating Bob Booty and Tim; this, indeed, was the most determined and best contested race during the week, as the three first horses were neck and neck till they came within 50 yards of the winning post, when Meteora, who was all along the favourite, won by a neck, and Tim only lost by his length. On the 10th, all the world followed the Prince to Lewes races, when there was but little sport; Lord Egremont's filly would have won the county plate, but she took the wrong side of the post, leaving Sassenagh to come in the winner. The company was numerous, though but little remarkable for fashion; to be sure we had the dashing brewer, with his arm in a sling, and a cream coloured hat large enough to cover a mash tub, but as the *pious* Eneas said,

"*Non sum qualis eram.*"

Though ready to start for novelty in the *west*, I could not possibly leave Brighton before the birth-day, which was *got up* with a degree of splendour, that brought down all the natives upon us from the surrounding vicinage. At an early hour drums, trumpets, and all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, drew us all to the review ground, where the line was formed about ten o'clock. The Royal Party breakfasted at the Pavilion, and about noon his Highness's approach was looked for from the arrival of his barouche, with his Grace of Sussex, Lord Erskine, Major Hanger, and though *last* not *least*, the fair, fat, widow. Expectation now stood on tiptoe till his Highness arrived, which was announced by a royal salute, and by a salute from the men of war in the roads, and Lord Craven's yatch. It is generally observed, that his Highness never looks so well as in military uniform, which was verified to day, by his elegant costume of richly embroidered Austrian pelisse and vest, set off by the insignia of the garter, a sabre highly ornamented, &c. The whole closed with three *feu de joies*, the troops and spectators dashed into town, and might well be called *Les Invisibles*, from the clouds of dust we raised; in the evening all was gaiety and elegance, bustle and hilarity, till we bid each other good night, which I am now obliged to repeat to you, my

Dear Ned, and remain your's sincerely,

Henry ——.

Letter IV.

Dear Sir Hal,

My *legal* delays are so harrassing that I am still *confined* to the dusty Metropolis, though not actually in *durance vile*: and it is so completely unfashionable even to be *supposed to be* in town, that even the *would bes* have contrived to obtain a niche in the list of departures in some fashionable paper; though if some of them were asked *where*, I fancy they could only give the answer of *Gibbet* in *The Beaux Stratagem*, "across the country, sir;" nay, indeed, in a Morning Paper, a certain *little* poet, is announced as having taken the indefinite range of *Epping Forest!* such a route, as, if newspapers had been in fashion at Babylon, would, I presume, have been marked out for Nebuchadnezzar, when his Majesty *went to grass*. As I find however that health as well as pleasure requires a little rustication, I was happy to join a sociable party soon after I wrote you last, in an aquatic ramble up the Thames through the romantic scenery of Henley, and "Clief-"dens proud Alcove;" a few days had glided on in learned ease at the mansion of our worthy friend, your brother baronet, when the party was formed of all the *ton* in the vicinity, we started from H——— at an early hour, and embarked on the glassy surface of father Thames; scarcely were we seated in the boat, than we found that *Mirth*, *Goodhumour*, and *Hilarity* had joined our party, and so pleased were we at their coming uninvited, that we determined to keep them with us during the day. Notwithstanding the heavenly scenery around us, and the animation thrown on every thing by the charms of our *Naiads*, yet the beams of potent Phœbus made us happy to retreat into the groves of Medenham Abbey, where a handsome repast awaited us, served up by the hand of *Hospitality*, whilst *Taste* and *Fancy* seemed to have prepared the decorations. If we were thus charmed with our *allegorical* companions, our pleasure added double lustre to the brilliancy of those of more earthly mould, and I believe there was not a *Theodosius* among us but could have singled out his *Constantia*, could Medenham Abbey have been restored to its pristine Monachism. The dim shades of night too hastily gave us warning of departure, and with a heavy heart I left the party to return

to the dull Metropolis, where all my variety consists in the joys of a private lodging, and a noisy coffee-room, for no man that had not a taste for the Blackhole at Calcutta, would venture into what are called our *Summer* Theatres. As no fashionable creature can be understood to be now in town, or its vicinity, we should have been completely without amusement were it not for the condescension of the family of that *respectable old gentleman* at Windsor; a *fete* at the Princess Elizabeth's Arcadian Cottage, had been some time in preparation, and happy was your friend by his intimacy with the ——'s to be enabled to join the festive groupe. A *dejeune* was the order of the day, but from her Highnesses *comprehensive* as well as *expansive taste*, we found quite an elegant little *multum in parvo*, for here were all the *agremens* of a rural fair, trinkets and toys of all kinds, and such as might please the juvenile members of the party, arranged in the most picturesque style in booths upon the lawn; to these were added the dulcet notes of melting harmony, and the heart-inspiring strains of martial melody from the bands of the Blues and Staffordshire. At three the company sat down in marquees to an elegant repast; and soon after the younger part of the company joined in the merry dance, like fays upon the verdant lawn. It was impossible to mix in such an assemblage of royalty, elegance, and splendour without feeling sensations almost indescribable; but the most predominant were certainly those of admiration, in seeing the family of a potent Monarch in all the simplicity of the *best times*, mixing in social ease with his happy and contented subjects, and joining them as their companions, though without losing for one moment that silent respect, which shed a mild radiance over the scene.

As *Crim. Con.* is become now quite a bore to all parties, the misses have been highly delighted in having a fashionable wedding, 'bout which to blush and simper; and here indeed they have been completely gratified in one formed under the most fortunate auspices. The elevated names of Russell and of Stanhope have been blended by the union of Stanhope's eldest and fairest hope, with Tavistock's gay Lord. The happy families assembled at Lord Harrington's, when his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, bestowed the lovely bride on the enraptured bridegroom, and the mitred dignitary of Dublin pronounced the nuptial blessing. If dress *could* add charms to superior beauty, the experiment was here fairly tried, for her ladyship was arrayed in the most costly Brussels lace, emblematic of her own purity, and affectionately supported by her two sister nymphs, Ladies Charlotte and Caroline. An elegant entertainment followed the ceremony, and his Royal Highness, with most appropriate consideration, left the party at an early hour, which enabled the happy bridegroom to conduct his fair prize to the nuptial bower, at Oakley, in *Bedfordshire*, that evening, a very proper *county* you will say for a new married couple to retire to. This Oakley estate is a snug thing of six thousand a year, bestowed on the happy pair as a marriage gift.

It is a fortunate thing for the folks about Windsor, that so many Royal Birth-days should happen in the *dull* month of August, and it is a lucky thing for them also, that the Royal Party are never so happy as when sharing their happiness with those around them; but it would be impossible in the compass of a letter to give you a detail of her Majesty's dinner at Frogmore, the *fete* at Oatlands, &c. and it will be the less necessary, as I see by your last letter that you too are basking in the sunshine of Royalty at Brighton.

We are not however totally immersed in *pleasure*, for last Saturday the *din of arms* invited us to Wanstead Common, when his Highness of Cumberland reviewed some very dashing dragoon regiments; after the review the whole of the Royal Brothers who accompanied him, proceeded in a familiar morning way, to Wanstead House, to visit the Gallic Exiles, and a scene more noble or affecting could hardly be witnessed, whether we advert to the easy and attentive politeness of the Prince, or the mild *retenu* of the banished monarch, whose lustre shone through the clouds which yet darken round him. Thank God! however, a fairer prospect seems to open, and we may venture now to hope that the personal friendship of the French and British Princes may not only remove the jealousies of the two nations, but also give a lasting peace to a suffering world.

As there is still a *vacancy* in my paper, I cannot perhaps more appropriately fill it up, than by adverting to the late *Crim. Cons.* which seem resorted to, to fill up the dread *Hiatus* in married life; yet it is such a *ticklish* subject, that it is now dangerous *to lay hold of it*. One gentleman in order to make a good thing of it, brought his little affair a second time before twelve good men and true, who thought one shilling enough for a *second hand article*; though a certain Noble Peer bid higher for *his lot*, which has cost him three thousand pounds. Here the

evidence was certainly very *curious*, and his Lordship's offences it appears were *numbered*, and from the accurate though strange account the prying landlady gave of Nos. 3 and 4, it was evident that Nos. *one* and *two* were also rather in a confused way. As *Dame Boniface* refused the offered bribe, it appears she was rather determined, as the French proverb says, *manger la poulette* than to feast on the *golden eggs*; she deserves credit for her honesty, however, and those who wish for *secrecy* will certainly never go to the White Hart.

Adieu! Ever your's,

London, Aug. 25, 1808. *E. C.*

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—PROMENADE COSTUME.—An Indian muslin dress, with flat satin sprigs, made high in the back, and brought in a horizontal line round the bosom; it has a hanging collar sewed on to the back and fastened in the front with an antique broach. The sleeves are long and full *à l'eveque*, vandyked at the wrist, and the dress is also vandyked round the bottom, and in a double row round the waist. The hair is dressed in easy flowing curls, with a vandyked bandeau of fawn coloured satin, placed negligently over the left brow, and ornamented with a wreath of variegated flowers, interspersed with jessamine. Such is the costume at the breakfast table, but when preparing for the promenade, the library or the race ground, the *elegante* calls for her *Valencia cap and cloak*; these two articles of dress are in one, and in a style novel and unique; the cap or hood, resembling in shape the cowl of the Order of St. Dominic, is of green lace net, worked with white stripes, with the collar coming on each side of the neck, to this is attached the cloak of green pelong satin, with a vandyke border, edged with narrow white point lace; the *tout ensemble* of this *bizarre* and romantic dress, gives a bewitching interest to the fair wearer, and pleases the fancies of the surrounding *beaux* in recollecting that although their fair companions *wear the cowl*, they have not yet *taken the veil*. Shoes high heeled, and of pea-green; the gloves are of straw coloured kid.

Fig. No. 2.—EVENING FULL DRESS.—This dress which for elegance and interest has never yet been exceeded, is the *Pyrenean robe and tunic* of sky-blue sarsnet, over a blue soft satin slip. The robe and tunic have each an Etruscan border, worked on broad white satin, or the border may be enriched with Moresque and Arabesque ornaments according to fancy; the border of the robe is surmounted with an easy flowing wreath of the grape vine worked in dark shades, which, to the eye of taste, gracefully unites the variegated extremity with the broad mass of blue in the robe itself. The tunic is open behind, but fastened with a range of shell clasps, forming a border *à la pelerine*, in allusion to the costume of the romantic ages, when the enthusiastic females of the northern districts of Spain traversed the gloomy chain of the Pyrennees in their holy pilgrimages. The back of the tunic is full and drawn to the form round the bosom, the sleeves are short and plain, bordered in the Etruscan or Moresque stile, and seamed in open work, the edge of the bosom is also bordered to correspond with the other parts of the dress. Over this is a most superb drapery of rich point lace, studded with stars, or interspersed with sprigs agreeable to fancy; it is in length six yards, and one in breadth, with a rich fancy-worked border, and is thrown over the shoulder, hanging negligently behind, whilst the ends are brought forward and gracefully twined round the arm, or drawn carelessly across the form with a *piquante* and irresistible simplicity. The hair is dressed *à l'Espagnole*, with a wreath of flowers interwoven; and the shoes are of blue satin.

OBSERVATIONS ON FEMALE COSTUME.

Such is the interest our fair countrywomen take in the patriotic exertions of their sisters in the cause of liberty in Spain, that imagination has been on the rack, to trace out the different provincial costumes; in this there is not only patriotism but taste also, for nothing can be more interestingly attractive than the neat simplicity of the Spanish dress *à la Paisanne*; it is of course well adapted to the summer parties where *rural elegance* is more studied than the richness of ornament, which distinguishes our winter costumes. The Evening Dress in particular gives a kind of Sylphid appearance to the form, which to a Mussulman would realize the high fancied ideas of the Mahometan Houri; our fair countrywomen, however, are content with the Christian Mythology, and

PROMENADE and FULL DRESSES for SEPT.r 1808.

Designed & Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde, or Literary & Fashionable Magazine.

perfectly satisfied with being considered as angels.

Fig. No. 3.—GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.—Blue coats or dark green, with gilt buttons, are now universally worn, but black coat and waistcoat is sometimes adopted by those who wish not to be as every body. The waists of the coats are pretty long, and rather wide, and the waistcoats are a little longer than they have lately been. For morning wear, either in town or at the watering places, the plover mixture is coming into vogue, single breasted, and with basket buttons; printed striped waistcoats, and white or nankeen trowsers, or lead-coloured pantaloons, with half-boots. As the Races are now so universal, and the shooting-season just commencing, little variety can, indeed, be expected, but green jackets, and jockey costumes must for some time be the order of the day.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

TATTERSALS.—This being the heighth of the *racing* season, the betting rooms are almost deserted; the only matches lately made of any note are, Lord Lowther's horse *Tot*, against Lord G. H. Cavendish's *Dreadnought*, for 100gs. at the first October meeting. At the same meeting is a match between *Snug*, the property of Lord F. Bentinck, and General Gower's *Bradbury* for 200gs. General Grosvenor has matched *Briseis* against Mr. Payne's *Bulrush*, for 200gs. to be run at the Houghton meeting.

TURF DECISION.—The disputed race at Lewes in the last year, between *Cerberus* and *Orville*, (which caused such debates in the Jockey Club, who were in fact at last obliged to refer it to the stewards) has been decided; the difficulty turned upon the ascertainment of a point of fact, upon which the evidence being equally strong, it was determined to divide the prize equally between the parties.

SPORTING BOTTOM.—A dog was seen in Perthshire, on the highway, in pursuit of a fox, he was about fifty yards behind, and they were both going at a slow trotting pace. A countryman easily caught the fox, and carried him to a neighbouring house, where the dog followed him, but the fox refused to eat, and died the next day; on the recovery of the dog from his fatigue, a letter, stating the circumstance, was fastened round his neck, and he was permitted to return home. A few days after an answer was received to the letter, by which it appeared that the dog belonged to the Duke of Gordon's pack, and had thrown off near Fort Augustus, that the chace must have lasted four days, and the distance, even in a right line, was seventy miles.

WHIMSICAL SHOOTING MATCH.—A novel match took place a few days ago near Canterbury, between two country sportsmen, to fire at twenty-five potatoes thrown up in the air; they were successively hit by *both* sportsmen, so that the wager remains undecided.

SANGUINARY CONTEST.—One of the most determined and sanguinary contests in the annals of pugilism, was fought on Rottinden Common, in the vale of Berkshire, between Marsh, an ostler, and Beven, who had fought some hard battles in the west. The match was for 100gs. and took place in a crowded field of sportsmen and amateurs. Beven was a neat figure, about eleven stone, and his antagonist had the advantage of two stone additional weight, though he had less science. Marsh, however, won by his weight and bottom, after two hours hard fighting, during which it was sometimes thought that neither of the parties could be set to again; at the last round Marsh, with the assistance of his second and bottle-holder, was just able *to crow*, and his *beaten* antagonist was carried off the field.

COACH RACE.—The extraordinary velocity with which wheel carriages can now be driven, would not have been believed by our ancestors; nor would those who took a fortnight to come from Carlisle to London by the *fly*, have supposed it possible to travel twenty-six miles in two hours and ten minutes, or at the rate of thirteen miles per hour, yet this has been done by two coaches, the Patriot and Defiance, between Leicester and Nottingham; large bets were depending, and an immense concourse were assembled to view the race, which was won by the former by two minutes only.

MOOR SHOOTING.—This sport has already commenced, and, it is said, that the game were never in greater abundance, as the dry weather was so favourable for the young birds; yet it is somewhat extraordinary, that the *grouse*, particularly in the northern counties and in Scotland, are remarkably scarce. Some of the

knowing sportsmen attribute this to the very stormy weather in May; however that may be, we never recollect to have seen so many advertisements in the season before, respecting the *preservation* of the game, and giving warning to trespassers. As the late *game act* may not be exactly understood, it may not be ill-timed to mention to young sportsmen, that woodcocks and snipes, taken with nets or springs, are not game; but if either killed or taken any other way, they require both licence and qualification. Rabbits also, if taken in warrens or on lands, in the occupation of *the sportsman*, are not game, but are so in all other cases.—The acts of James the First, and of George the First, inflicting penalties on *shooting* hares, have both been repealed; of course hares may now be lawfully shot by persons qualified, or by those having deputations from the lord of the manor, according to the regulations of the new act.

SCIENCE OF THE WHIP.—A new party of Olympian candidates have lately started, under the designation of the *Tandem* club, professing their intention to reduce the art to a science, with new improvements, both in the mechanism of their wheel carriages, and in the management of their cattle. Their present rendezvous, or club-room, is in Suffolk-street, where some of the members have begun to amuse themselves with *blowing horns*, which is certainly a *cheaper* amusement than *manufacturing* them.

COUNTRY RACES.—The races throughout have been well attended; there has, in general, been good sport, and there have been great fluctuations in the *money market* among the knowing ones, particularly at Brighton, Lewes, and Worcester.

FOX CHACE IN TOWN.—A few days ago about noon, whilst some boys were gathering mushrooms in St. James's Park, they started a fox, who bolted right for the Horse Guards, but the cry of "Fox" being rapidly passed along, a crowd soon collected, and prevented him from clearing the railing. He instantly took soil in the Canal, where he cruized for some time, in defiance of his pursuers, until two recruits plunged in, came up with, and captured the chace. He has since been claimed by Major Stanhope, son of Lord Harrington.

YORK RACES commenced on Saturday, and displayed a most fashionable and dashing assemblage of all the gentry of the county. It had been rumoured that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales intended to be there; this, however, was without foundation, though it may have tended to attract a large proportion of company.

EGHAM RACES commenced on Tuesday last, and were honoured by the presence of their Majesties and the Royal Family as usual. The sports of the first day were not very interesting; but on Tuesday the Magna Charta Stakes had tempted some of the knowing ones to dash a little, many odds were offered on *the winner*, Lord Egremont's bay colt, brother to *Trafalgar*, who beat Mr. Ladbroke's bay colt with the greatest ease. This was followed by the Lady's Plate, and before the starting, Lord Egremont's *Lazy Filly* was so much the favourite, that bets on the field against her was offered and taken. She bolted, however, during the first heat, and was distanced, and the race was won by *Brighton Lass*, against whom the odds had been 4 and 5 to 1. She won both heats easy. The sports of this day were concluded by a hack-race, superior to the one of the day before; this was run by two horses belonging to two Officers of the 9th Light Dragoons, rode by their owners; six horses were originally to have started in this race, but four of them had been distanced on the former day. The course was again enlivened by the presence of their Majesties, who arrived about one o'clock, when they were received by the Dukes of York, Clarence, and Cumberland. On the last day, Thursday, there was a well-contested Sweepstakes, the stewards placed six horses, and it was won by Lord Egremont's chesnut filly, against whom the odds had been 6 to 4. It appeared that the knowing ones had been a little deceived, as *Jocasta* was the favorite next to the winner, being 5 to 2, she, however, came in last. The Handicap Plate afforded much variety, before starting 5 to 4 against *Brighton Lass*, and 5 to 1 against *Rumbo*, but at the turn into the strait mile, *all* the horses took the wrong side of the post, the *favourite* and *Jump-off* run in, but the other horses having gone back and *round* the post, they were declared not distanced, and the stewards, the Dukes of York and Clarence, decided that *Rumbo* was the winner.

Mr. DOWTON as SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

"Tis a confounded lie! I know you are in a passion in your heart,
I know you are, you hypocritical young dog! but it won't do."

The Rivals Act II.

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DRAMATIC MEMOIRS AND CRITICISMS

OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

THE LIFE OF MR. DOWTON, OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

IF the doctrine taught by ancient wisdom be credited, the soul enjoys in its original state a general and unbounded knowledge. At its first entrance into *mortal* life, it loses the consciousness, but not the reality of this universal information. It is darkened, it is forgotten as a dream, and like it, now and then, flashes on our minds, when events and circumstances awaken its recollection. Education watches these momentary gleams, collects their scattered rays of light together, and is by them enabled to form a just opinion of the powers and inclinations of its pupils.

However true or false the present age may consider this doctrine to be, it is necessary that more attention should be paid to the unfolding bias of the youthful mind, than it is now usual to bestow. Parents in general, led by the instinct of interest alone, lay down plans for the promotion of their children's fortunes, without consulting either their abilities or their inclinations; sometimes even before it was possible to ascertain whether their speechless infancy would ever be able to utter a word. Conscious of their superior wisdom, they exert not their reason to persuade to obedience, but their authority to enforce it. Every struggle of hidden genius opposing the execution of their designs, they proclaim a breach of filial duty. Every remonstrance which the lips of youth attempt respectfully to pronounce, is hushed, before it is heard, as rebellious. Every wish of prosecuting studies, which do not tend to forward the end in view, is crushed as useless, if not foolish; and the young man who feels himself possessed of talents which, if allowed to expand, would gather fame, is compelled either to sacrifice them to the inattentive ignorance or obstinate incredulity of his parents, or else to seek far from the paternal roof, a field in which to display them unrestrained.

It is this blindness of men to the faculties and propensities of the rising generation, or rather their neglect, and consequently their mistaken notions of them, that has frequently clad a reprobate in the garb of a divine, a coward in an officer's uniform, a senseless blockhead in a professor's gown; has spent half a fortune to introduce an idiot into Parliament, and compelled an adulterous counsellor to thunder loudly against the depravity of morals, in the numerous crim. con. cases that occur, to the great honour of our nation and our age.

The subject of the present sketch has no reason to complain of undue severity on the part of his parents. They did not, it is true, study the early bent of his mind and lend it their assistance, but their situation in life prevented them from attending closely to his propensities, and his indications of future talents; and to their praise be it remembered, that when they once unfolded themselves, they did not seek to repress them. They allowed him the advantage of a good education, and discharged their duty towards him, notwithstanding their inferiority in the scale of fortune and society, in a manner equally useful to him, and honourable to themselves.

Mr. Dowton was born in the year 1766, at Exeter, where his father kept a respectable inn. Early in life he was sent to a seminary in high repute, in the neighbourhood of that town, where he remained engaged in liberal studies till he reached the age of sixteen, when he was articled to an architect. During his apprenticeship, his dramatic genius began to glimmer, but as yet very faintly. Several young gentlemen at Exeter joined their purses and their abilities, to establish a private theatre, and form a company of performers. On this stage the apprentice now and then displayed his talents, and the reception with which he met, increased his partiality for theatrical representations. His favourite character was *Carlos*, in *The Revenge*; for strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that almost all our best comic actors courted *Melpomene* before they condescended to woo her laughing sister. The crowded houses which he drew in this part, emboldened his exertions and fired his ambition. He soon conceived a disgust for the duties of his office, and fancying that success would attend him every where, in less than a year after he had been articled, took a sudden leave of his master, and repaired to Ashburton,

in Devonshire, with a company of strollers. He appeared for the first time at this place, in *Carlos*, and was greeted with a large share of applause. Finding that his expectations had not been disappointed, his love for his new profession became enthusiastic, and, it is said, that being desirous to act the part of *Beaufort*, in *The Citizen*, which had been allotted to a brother performer, he exchanged his best coat with him for the character.

This enthusiasm was not of long duration; for however thirsting after fame, he was too material to feed on plaudits alone, and he soon found that his riches did not keep pace with his reputation. His high spirit supported him for a considerable time in his contest with difficulties; but the regular and irresistible approaches of starvation, brought him back to a sense that life was the greatest good, and he and a companion in distress, resolved to seek a shelter beneath their paternal roofs. Dowton's father received them kindly at his inn, and a few months' good living and domestic comforts, erased from their minds the remembrance of their past sufferings. They determined to toil for theatrical fame a second time, and soon resumed their dramatic peregrinations. At last, after encountering and conquering the innumerable difficulties with which strollers, though endowed with superior talents, have to contend, our hero was fortunate enough to obtain an engagement at the Weymouth theatre, of which Mr. Hughes was then Manager. When it had expired, he repaired to his native town, where he boldly, and, it is said, not unsuccessfully performed *Romeo*, *Macbeth*, and the highest tragic characters. From thence he visited Kent, where he joined Mrs. Baker's company, and soon after married her daughter, who has presented him with two children.

The spreading reputation of Mr. Dowton excited nearly at the same time the Managers of Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the Bath theatre, Messrs. Harris, Colman, and Dimond, to offer him terms for a permanent engagement at their respective houses. But fame was the chief aim of his exertions: and having heard of the overflowing audiences which Mr. Elliston's *Sheva*, in the comedy of *The Jew*, had collected, the spirit of rivalry led him to write to Mr. Wroughton, the acting-manager of Drury Lane, and to request the permission of representing this character before the London public. He at the same time directed Mr. Wroughton, should he wish to inquire about his talents, to apply to Mr. Cumberland, who would be able to satisfy him on that point. The answer having proved favourable, Mr. Dowton repaired to the metropolis with Mr. Cumberland, and was so enthusiastically received in the part already alluded to, that Mr. Wroughton proposed him terms for an engagement which caused him to refuse the offers of the Managers of Covent Garden, the Haymarket, and the Bath theatre. Ever since he has proved constant to Drury Lane, where he still continues during the winter season to delight the public, and disarm the severity of criticism.

The portrait affixed to these memoirs represents Mr. Dowton, in the character of *Sir Anthony Absolute*, in Sheridan's celebated comedy of *The Rivals*, an account of which, with critical remarks on his performance, will, we have no doubt, meet with the approbation of our readers.

The *dramatis personæ* are as follows:

Sir Anthony Absolute.....Mr. Dowton.
Captain Absolute.....Mr. Barrymore.
Faulkland.....Mr. Elliston.
Acres.....Mr. Bannister.
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....Mr. Johnstone.
Fag.....Mr. De Camp.
David.....Mr. Collins.
Mrs. Malaprop.....Miss Pope.
Julia.....Mrs. H. Siddons.
Lydia Languish.....Mrs. Jordan.
Lucy.....Mrs. Harlowe.

The moral end of this comedy, for unlike the productions of our present authors, it has not lost sight of the primitive intention of the drama, that of correcting manners, and reproving folly, lays open before us the danger of suffering young ladies to waste their time in reading novels. The heroine, *Miss Lydia Languish*, is a young girl with a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, the greatest part of which she forfeits, if she marries against the consent of her aunt, who is appointed her guardian. Accustomed from her infancy to revel in fantastical scenes of joy and love, in perils, difficulties, elopements and mysteries, so richly stored on the shelves of circulating libraries, her imagination finds real life insipid, and she is determined to act on the theatre of the world, the part of those fair adventurers who generously sacrifice fortune, family, and friends, to a lover, in the pages of every romance. This disposition which might have exposed her to the arts of the designing, and caused her ruin, fortunately only leads her into a secret intimacy with *Captain Absolute*, a man of honour, son to *Sir Anthony Absolute*, and heir to three

thousand a year; who, conscious of her foible, and that should she become acquainted with the flourishing state of his fortune, she would disregard his addresses, assumes the name of *Beverley*, and the disguise of an ensign in rather indigent circumstances.

The comedy opens with a conversation between *Sir Anthony Absolute's* coachman, lately come to Bath with his master and *Miss Julia Melville*, and *Fag*, *Captain Absolute's* servant. The one an ignorant wondering rustic, and the other, as it is too often the case with that class of people, an impudent and conceited coxcomb, aping the gentleman in language, dress, and manners. These interlocutors give us the information relative to *Miss Lydia's* secret connexion with the *Captain*, which we have already detailed. The second scene introduces us to the romantic girl herself, and *Julia Melville* her cousin, who having been affianced before her father's death to *Faulkland*, a gentleman of fortune who had saved her life, is become, through her mild and forgiving temper, the victim of his teasing and jealous disposition. We are now informed that *Mrs. Malaprop*, *Lydia's* old aunt, has fallen in love with a tall Irish Baronet, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, and carries on a correspondence with him under the name of *Delia*. At the same time we are let into the secret wiles employed by women to try the constancy of their lovers, by the following avowal which *Lydia* makes to her friend: "Last Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself to "inform myself that *Beverley* was at that tiv "paying his addresses to another woman; I "signed it '*your Friend unknown*;' showed "it *Beverley*, charged him with his falsehood, "put myself in a violent passion, and vowed "I'd never see him more."—"It was the "next morning my aunt found the matter "out. I intended only to have teased him "three days and a half, and now I've lost "him for ever." In her next speech, when *Julia* remonstrates with her for having placed her affections on a poor ensign, while she is to inherit 30,000*l.* the effect of her constant perusal of novels is still more visible: "But you know I lose most of my fortune if "I marry without my aunt's consent till of "age; and that is what I intended to do ever "since I knew the penalty." The approach of *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Sir Anthony Absolute*, puts *Julia* to flight; they come to see whether *Lydia* will consent to marry *Mr. Acres*, a gentleman of her aunt's choosing, and in case she should persist in her refusal to propose *Captain Absolute* for her husband. She withdraws instead of complying with their request, which they agree to renew, and *Mrs. Malaprop* calls *Lucy*, *Lydia's* chambermaid, after *Sir Anthony's* departure, to give her another letter for *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*. As *Lucy's* subsequent soliloquy, which closes the act, unfolds part of the plot, and displays an accurate picture of a chambermaid's honesty and fidelity, its insertion here cannot be misplaced.

"Let me see to what account have I turned "my simplicity lately (*looks at a paper*)—For "*abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of* "*running away with an Ensign! in money*, "*sundry times, twelve pounds twelve—gowns*, "*five—hats, ruffles, caps, &c. &c. numberless*— "*from the said Ensign, within this last month*, "*six guineas and a half.*—About a quarter's "pay. *Item.—From Mrs. Malaprop, for be-* "*traying the young couple to her*, when I found "that matters were likely to be discovered, "*two guineas and a black padusoy. Item*— "*From Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters*, "which I never delivered, *two guineas and a* "*pair of buckles. Item—From Sir Lucius* "*O'Trigger, three crowns, two gold pocket* "*pieces, and a silver snuff-box!*—Well done, "Simplicity! yet I was forced to make my "Hibernian believe, that he was correspond- "ing not with the aunt, but with the niece," &c. &c.

In the second act, the jealous, dissatisfied lover, *Faulkland*, returns to Bath unconscious of the arrival of his mistress in the same city: of which he is informed by *Captain Absolute*. His joy is however soon turned into ill humour by the account which *Mr. Acres*, who is also just returned from Devonshire, gives of her health, spirits, the balls and concerts to which she attended; for it is *Faulkland's* opinion, that a lady far from her lover, should be indisposed with vexation, sad for want of his company, and should forego the pleasures of society as a proof of constancy. Unable to bear *Acres's* description any longer, he retires in a passion with *Julia*, and his unconscious tormentor follows his example, on hearing *Captain Absolute's* father announced. *Sir Anthony*, whose heart is the seat of the kindest parental love, but whose soul kindles with impatience at a trifle, tells his son that he has provided a wife for him, without letting him know her name, which would have insured his consent. The *Captain* declares he is engaged with a lady; his father insists on his giving her up, and on his refusal, whilst boasting of his coolness, flies into the most violent passion, and finishes by allowing him six hours and a half to consider

of his proposal. In the next scene, *Sir Lucius* receives a letter from *Delia*, and *Lucy* informs *Fag* that *Mrs. Malaprop* requires her mistress should marry *Captain Absolute*. In the third act the *Captain*, who finds that the lady his father proposed, is the same with whom he intended to run away, conciliates him by a show of obedience, without explaining the true cause of his sudden change. *Sir Anthony* gives him a letter for *Mrs. Malaprop* as an introduction, with which he repairs to that lady. He is received, and by his compliments so much wins upon her favour, that she shows him his supposed rival, *Ensign Beverley's* letter, in which she is turned into ridicule, and he says he will make her a go-between in their interview. *Lydia* is called in, and they are left alone. He seizes this opportunity to tell her that hearing his rival, *Captain Absolute*, was to pay her a visit, he had assumed his name, and thus been enabled to see her. She, who takes him for *Beverley*, still wants to elope as soon as possible, and on her aunt's return declares she will never marry *Captain Absolute*. *Mrs. Malaprop* irritated at what she deems her rudeness and obstinacy, forces her away, and thus prevents the truth from being then discovered. In the next scene, *Sir Lucius* prevails upon the jealousy of *Mr. Acres*, to rouse his courage, and send a challenge to *Ensign Beverley*, for having unfairly obtained *Lydia's* affections. In the fourth act, *Mr. Acres*, whose valour begins to ooze away with his anger, entrusts *Captain Absolute* himself with the challenge for *Ensign Beverley*, and requests him to tell his rival, when he delivers the fatal letter, that "he is a devil of a fellow, and generally kills a man a-week," so as to frighten him that he may not come. A second interview takes place between *Lydia* and *Captain Absolute*: but as *Mrs. Malaprop* and *Sir Anthony* are present, notwithstanding the *Captain's* attempts to conceal who he is from his romantic mistress he is discovered. Disappointed in her expectations of an elopement, and angry at the thought of being married with the consent of her friends, *Lydia* reproaches her lover with having deceived her, returns him his picture and declares he has forfeited her affection for ever. He has scarcely left her presence when he meets *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, who politely contradicts him, and in the most gentlemanly manner requests the favour of his attendance in the King's Mead Field, to satisfy his honour which he conceives to have been insulted. This matter being agreed on, we lose sight for a while of our hero, and are entertained with *Faulkland's* jealousy. In order "to prove his "mistress to the quick," he makes her believe he has fought a duel, and is compelled to secure his liberty by flight, and when she offers to follow him, declares that it was only a fable invented for the purpose of trying her love. She then forms the resolution of never marrying him, on account of his temper, and leaves him to brood on the consequences of his own folly. He then hastens to seek *Captain Absolute*, whose second he has promised to be. In a short time, *David*, *Mr. Acre's* timorous servant, alarms the ladies with an account of the preparations for the duel, and when *Lydia* hears that *Captain Absolute* is about to fight, and *Julia* and *Mrs. Malaprop*, that *Faulkland* and *Sir Lucius* are engaged in the same affair, love acts so powerfully upon their hearts, as to conquer the timidity of their sex, and hurries then to the scene of action, which being at some distance, gives time for other incidents to take place before they meet. At the beginning of the fifth act, *Captain Absolute* appears hiding a sword under his great coat, and unexpectedly falling in with his father, tries in vain to conceal himself. *Sir Anthony*, whilst speaking, happens to touch his coat, and, feeling something hard, inquires what it can be. Not satisfied with being told it is a trinket for *Lydia*, he pulls the coat open, and discovers the sword. The Captain, however, makes him believe it is to frighten *Lydia*, by threatening to kill himself, if she did not forgive him, and is at last suffered to go on. Scarce has he left his father when *David* arrives, crying murder, and calling to *Sir Anthony* to stop his son, both then run after him, and the scene changes to King's Mead Fields. Here we find *Sir Lucius* and *Mr. Acres*, expecting their two antagonists. The cool bravery of the one, and the cowardice of the other, form a contrast which though highly entertaining is not carried beyond nature, and however highly comic does not degenerate into farce. On *Captain Absolute* and *Faulkland's* arrival, *Mr. Acres*, who supposes his rival will not come, boasts that should he appear, he would soon force him to yield up his pretensions to *Lydia's* hand. The *Captain* then declares he had assumed the name of *Beverley*, and offers to give him satisfaction. The other excuses himself on the score of friendship: and *Lucius* and the *Captain* are on the point of beginning their duel, when *Sir Anthony* and the ladies burst upon the scene. *Lydia*, alarmed at her lover's danger, consents to marry him; *Julia*, through the same reason, forgives *Faulkland*, and *Sir Lucius*, after accepting an apology from the *Captain*, is

about to demonstrate the fickleness of ladies, by reading aloud the letters he had received from *Mrs. Malaprop*, under the name of Delia, and which he still thought came from her niece, when she acknowledges her flame, and meets with disdain. This lady excepted, there remains, in *Sir Lucius O'Trigger's* words, "no "dissatisfied person but what is content," and the play closes. This excellent comedy, notwithstanding it does not possess the happy intricacy of plot of Mr. Reynolds', or the *brilliant puns* of Mr. Dibdin's productions, nor even the judicious mixture of farce and tragedy, with which Mr. Colman's plays abound, is one of the most interesting pieces of which the English stage can boast. All in it is nature; not indeed pure and artless, but mostly fashionable and worldly nature; such as alone attracts our glance when we move in the crowded sphere of society. Indeed, were it not a painting of habits rather than of feelings, it would not be entitled to the high praise which we now conceive it deserves. The character of *Mrs. Malaprop* is certainly very well drawn, but it represents *ignorance* rather than *nature*. There is a difference between what is common, and what is natural, which but few people remark, because they confound together whatever wears an external appearance of similarity, or frequently recurs to their sight. The character of *Lydia* is also a creation of circumstances and habits, and though it may be met with on the stage of life, is only found in persons who received the same education, or were indulged in the same exclusive perusal of novels. *Faulkland's outré* sensibility, and *Julia's* mild, patient, and forgiving disposition, may have been natural at the time the play was written; but our modern lovers care more for the fortune than the health and constancy of their mistress; and our modern ladies think masculine spirit much more becoming to their sex; and many would rather figure in a flaming paragraph in the *crim. con.* corner of a newspaper, than submit tamely to the wishes of the tenderest husband, and the most sacred duties of their situations. Whether *Acres'* character be still a native of our island, we fear we shall not be able clearly to ascertain, till the thousands of brave volunteers who have taken up arms in defence of their liberty, shall have an opportunity of trying whether (God forbid) their courage will also ooze away at the approach of the foe. *Sir Lucius* is certainly Irish, if not English nature; the flower of politeness and the soul of valour. The foibles of his country are neither heightened nor softened in him. An enthusiastic notion of honour is the lever of all his thoughts and actions; and to the name and rank of a gentleman, he joins the dignified though free and lively language of one. Unlike most of our modern dramatic Irishmen, his witticisms are not senseless bulls and blunders, his mirth is not gross and his expressions indelicate. *Captain Absolute* is a faithful picture of a true Englishman; cool, though enterprising; artful, but not base in his love, a man of honour, not a beau. But the most exquisitely drawn character is that of *Sir Anthony Absolute*. It is no more fashionable, it is human nature, displayed in the strong shades of changing passions. Who, that possesses a warm heart joined with an ardent imagination, has not, like him, frequently allowed the latter to fly into bursts of impatience or anger which the former disapproved, and at last assuaged? The language in which he expresses his feelings, was dictated by truth itself to the poet who wrote the comedy, and can be equalled only by the energetic delivery, eloquent play of features and appropriate gestures of Mr. Dowton in this part. *Sir Anthony*, though kind and even good humoured, is not only the most inconsiderately passionate of men, but unconsciously tyrannical over those who by nature are placed within the sphere of his command. We say *unconsciously* tyrannical, because his fiery imagination carries him beyond the bounds of reflection, and points out an exertion of arbitrary power as an harmless display of lawful authority. Dowton, who excels in the delineation of mixed feelings, can also depict the sudden starts and quick successions of rising passions with more accuracy perhaps than any other performer of the present day. In the following speech, his excellence may be traced, when *Mrs. Malaprop* hopes the *Captain* will have no objection to be married with *Lydia*. "Ob-"jection! let him object if he dare. No, no, "*Mrs. Malaprop*, *Jack* knows that the least "demur puts me in a phrenzy directly. My "process was always very simple—in their "younger days, 'twas *Jack* do this;' if he de-"murred, I knocked him down—and if he "grumbled at that, I always sent him out of "the room." When he exclaims "objection!" astonishment and wounded pride at the very hint that his son may dare to disobey him, mark his countenance, which suddenly expresses an air of satisfaction at the consciousness of his own power, at these words, "let him "object if he dare!" and the following sentence. It resumes all its calmness when he de-

scribes the simplicity of the process which secured his authority; but kindles anew with "if he demurred," then beams with a smile of triumph at "I knocked him down," which changes into a frown of disappointment at; "and if he grumbled at that," and then reappears with his ultimate success.

In the scene in which he commands his son to marry a lady whose name he does not mention, it would be impossible to display more effectually the unreflecting impetuosity of anger; when blinded by his own violence, he fancies himself cool, and that the only person angry, is his disobedient son—"'Tis a con- "founded lie! I know you are in a passion in "your heart; I know you are, you hypocriti- "cal young dog! but it won't do."

In the scene in which his son unexpectedly yields to his request, how naturally does his irritation melt into good humour. And in his description of the lady's charms, the enthusiasm of youth seems to glow once more on his cheek, and to fire his soul; and the reproaches which the *Captain's* feigned coolness draws from him, burst from his lips with a degree of indignant surprise, which few can express so successfully. To point out every passage in this play, in which Dowton excels, would be to point out the whole of his part. As space will not allow us to extend our remarks much farther, we will only mention the moment when he interrupts the duel, and anger and fear successively cloud his countenance, and check and hurry on his sentences, as one of his happiest exertions of skill; so like nature, as to deceive us into a total forgetfulness of its being the offspring of art.

Whilst some of our most eminent comedians degrade our best plays into farces by the grimaces with which they amuse the galleries, Mr. Dowton wisely disdains to owe his fame to the suppleness of the muscles of his face. He does not paint caricatures, but pourtrays man as he is. In the expression of simple passions, he is always chaste and correct. Not that correctness that proceeds from the want of genius to commit brilliant faults, but that which springs from genius guided by a sound judgment. In the mixed emotions of kindness and anger, of joy and sorrow, and in the peevishness breaking through the good nature of age, he has in our opinion no equal on the present stage. His transitions from one passion to another are not so sudden as to appear unconnected; he spreads all their shades from the darkest to the faintest in quick succession before us; and even in the union of various feelings, preserves their several features distinct to our sight. His *Abednego*, in *The Jew and the Doctor*, and his *Old Dornton*, in *The Road to Ruin*, will elucidate our last assertion. In low comedy, he is less successful, perhaps, because he seeks to imitate some of his contemporaries; in his Jewish dialect he is also inferior to Wewitzer. But it would be unreasonable to expect that a man should excel in every thing he attempts to perform, and he who is so justly entitled to the highest praise for the superiority of his genius, need not blush to yield the palm in, at best, a mechanical acquirement.